Foxy Loxy's Christmas Happiness *Reed Whittemore*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts — December 5, 1970, 50 cents

The POW Congress

The Editors

Supersonic Boomdoggle

Mary Ann Eriksen

Hickel's Hot Seat

John Osborne

Turning Trash into Cash

David Sanford

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CAUTION:

EATING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

Announcing the ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY. A rigorously independent source of organically raised foods, vitamins, cosmetics and household products. All delivered direct to your door. All certified to contain *no added pesticides, preservatives or chemical additives of any kind.* You may apply for membership by mailing the coupon below. *Membership does not obligate you to buy anything.*

Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read–let alone smell, taste and breathe–you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called *stilberstol,* also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!*

"Organic foods"–what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food–*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply–organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical–*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"–*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers–*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

BOARD OF ADVISORS

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, *when you order through the nation-wide resources of The EFS.*

That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output–every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered–as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.

Free with your membership

You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, *meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk,* eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins–all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners–without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes–that perform without polluting. Youth-giving cosmetics–so nutritious you can even eat them. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

FREE if you act promptly

"BASIC-H" an organically grown *cleaner for things and people too*

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, *pots, grease—anything at all—much better* than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's *not* a detergent. Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from what food is made from. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (regularly $3.50 a year) will keep you alert to what is happening in, and to, your environment. And what you can do about it now. Frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy–and beware of. You will learn to read between the lines of pending legislation–and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood–for *your* family.

You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living: How to choose healthful foods and a well-balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available–*with a complete listing by brand names.* What the so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how *to neutralize them, if possible.*

Plus terse abstracts of vital government reports. Names of people and agencies to write to (or scream at) for information and action NOW. And counseling for every diet from kosher, vegetarian and macrobiotic to salt-free, weight-loss, high-protein and low-cholesterol.

Don't just hope things get better –help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware–and concerned –enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY
114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly $3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG at member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, also include my free supply of BASIC-H, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not.

NR-1250B

Name_____

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☐ $5 membership fee enclosed.

☐ Charge my Master Charge #_____

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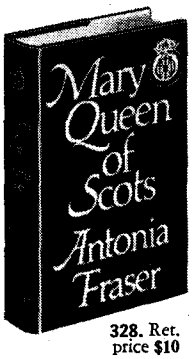

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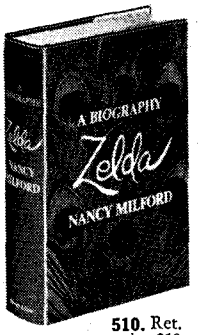

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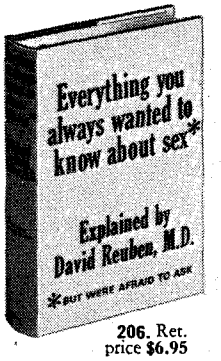

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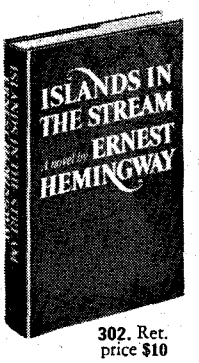

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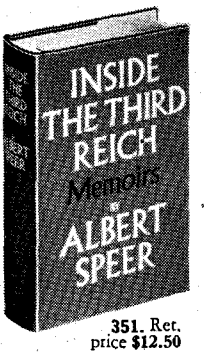

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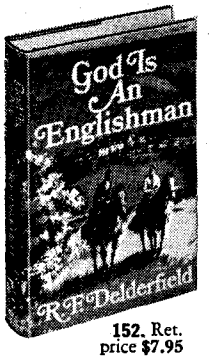

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CATCH UP ON THE BOOKS *you have promised yourself to read...*

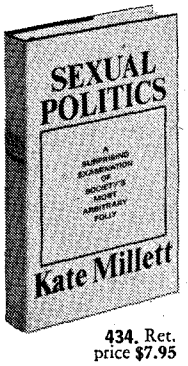
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price **$15**)

323. UP THE ORGANIZATION *by* ROBERT TOWNSEND (Retail price **$5.95**)

520. BODY LANGUAGE *by* JULIUS FAST (Retail price **$4.95**)

161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER Illustrated (Retail price **$6.95**)

130. THE GRAHAM KERR COOKBOOK *by* THE GALLOPING GOURMET Photographs (Retail price **$7.50**)



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526. UNDERSTANDING HUMAN SEXUAL INADEQUACY Foreword by William H. Masters, M.D. and Virginia E. Johnson (Retail price **$6.95**)

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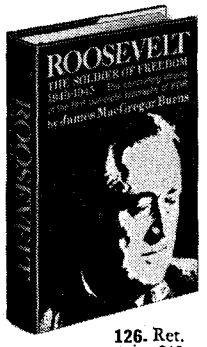

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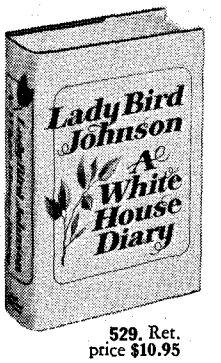

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484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY Photographs (Retail price **$10**)

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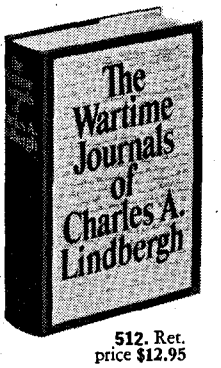

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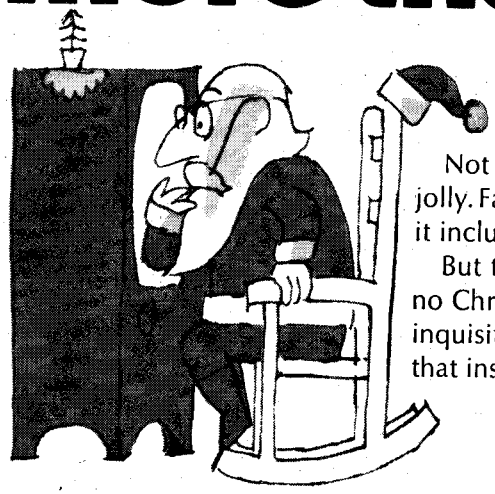
'Tis the season to be more than jolly.



Not that television has anything against being jolly. Far from it, as witness our listing below; it includes holiday fare for the young of all ages.

But the world continues to turn Christmas or no Christmas. Day by day, television will keep its inquisitive eye open for the things that affect us, that inspire us, that excite and concern us.

The American Economy Today. CBS News Special. Tuesday, Dec. 1 (10-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas. Narrated by the late Boris Karloff. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8 pm).

Ethiopia: The Hidden Empire. National Geographic tour of isolated region. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (8-9 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. Yuletide with "Peanuts" kids. Saturday, Dec. 5 (7:30-8 pm).

Discovery. A Tale of Two Forts; Summer in Boston Ghetto, Canoeing in Minnesota Lakes; Pendleton Roundup. Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

Wild Kingdom. Miracle of Motion; Experiment on Ocean Floor; M'Bogo Safari; Chincoteague Roundup. Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (7-7:30 pm).

The Littlest Angel. Starring Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens, others. Sunday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

World of the Beaver. The beaver's life cycle. Henry Fonda narrates. Tuesday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Night the Animals Talked. Animated Christmas parable. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (7:30-8 pm).

Petula. Petula Clark with Dean Martin, Peggy Lee, David Frost, Everly Brothers. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (9-10 pm).

Plimpton! Shoot-Out at Rio Lobo. George Plimpton, John Wayne on Westerns. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

The Besieged Majority. NBC White Paper on urban crime. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, others. Saturday, Dec. 12 (7-9 pm).

A Christmas Carol. The Dickens story animated. Sunday, Dec. 13 (5-6 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Fantasy with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Sunday, Dec. 13 (7-8 pm)

1770. First of series on events leading to American Revolution. Peter Ustinov, Eric Sevareid, commentators. Tuesday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Greer Garson narrates Christmas story. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (7:30-8 pm).

Bing Crosby's Christmas Show. Starring the Crosby family. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (8-9 pm).

J. T. CBS Children's Hour—A lonely black boy in the ghetto. Sunday, Dec. 20 (7-8 pm).

A World of Love. UNICEF benefit with Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Audrey Hepburn, Harry Belafonte, Shirley MacLaine. Tuesday, Dec. 22 (8:30-9:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents—Part IV. David Oistrakh, Sviatoslav Richter in concert. Friday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein. Selections from Fidelio, Symphony No. 9, Piano Concerto No. 1. Friday, Dec. 25 (7:30-9 pm).

Rapping with Brinkley. Teenage newspaper editors chat with David Brinkley. Saturday, Dec. 26 (12 Noon-1 pm).

A Copland Celebration. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Sunday, Dec. 27 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The American Adventure. Broad perspective on the nation's condition today. Monday, Dec. 28 (9-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/ Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/ CBS Reports/60 Minutes

Saturday: In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/ The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/ Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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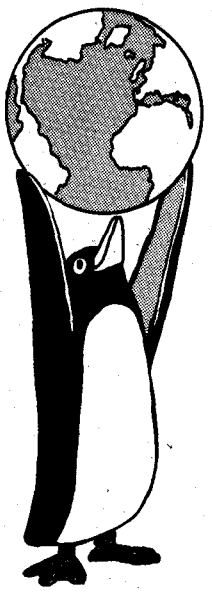

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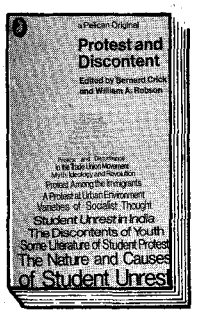
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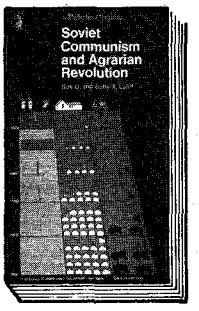

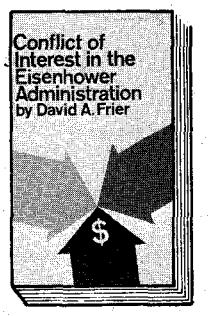

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Nixonomics

President Nixon will go to New York, December 4, to talk to the National Association of Manufacturers and will probably give them the speech on the economy which he neglected to make in the election. He has also listed a news conference a week later, December 10, the first since July 30 when he held one in the Santa Monica Room at the Century Plaza Hotel, Los Angeles. I remember it because the amplifying system wouldn't work (Mr. Nixon is always bugged by electronics) and because he then announced "an economy moving upward in the last half of 1970."

If it is going up, Old Ma Wetherby hasn't heard about it! You will find the "Ma Wetherby" statistic in the next-to-the-last column of figures on page 5 of *Economic Indicators* (November) put out monthly by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. I have christened it that, but its technical name is "Saving As a Percent of Disposable Personal Income." It represents the emotional pulsebeat of some 205 million worried Americans. Back in 1969, Ma Wetherby (and her compatriots) saved only 6 percent of personal income. Now she is worried and her saving has gone up to 7.6 percent. The figure shouts at you. She is afraid they'll repossess the car, or that rents will jump, or that Pa will lose his job; so she's putting aside for a rainy day. On a total US personal income of $802-billion, that little jiggle represents an increase of about $13 billion. Some rainy day! The concerned Wetherby family is socking it into piggy-banks, savings accounts or building-and-loans instead of spending it on a good time or for that new washing machine.

(Happy thought: When the Wetherbys relax again that reserve buying capacity could hit the US economy like a wave, probably starting in retail goods.)

The Nixon economic game plan is turning out to be as sour as his election eve broadcast from Phoenix, Arizona, that was followed up by Edmund Muskie. The Democrats will dog him here again, too, if he's not careful. There are signs that the game plan is changing already. To be fair about it, Mr. Nixon didn't get us into this mess that economist Otto Eckstein aptly calls a "stretched recession." We got into it because Lyndon Johnson didn't want to admit that Vietnam couldn't be handled without raising taxes. He delayed raising taxes, contrary to the advice of his unhappy team of economists, and when he did raise them it was too late. Inflation was loose.

Too many war dollars were chasing too few civilian goods and bid up the price. Of course there were war goods – guns and bombs and defoliating gases – but these have limited consumers' conceptual utility under the family Christmas tree.

Mr. Nixon took office and it all looked simple; just apply the orthodox remedies of reduced spending and higher interest rates and inflation will stop. Mr. Nixon promised, "We can control inflation without an increase in unemployment." Nonsense. There has been a slackening off in inflation, it's true. But unemployment has risen from 3 to 5.6 percent, and that doesn't tell the real social cost. Unemployment for Negroes is now around 8.4 percent and for city, teen-age Negroes an appalling 30 percent. (Put them to work, and watch crime drop!)

Mr. Nixon's most grievous error was in underestimating the problem and, in addition, he made three other mistakes. The first came in the campaign. A funny thing happened on the way to the White House. He gave the Southern textile industry an IOU for quota protection and now, two years later, they are cashing this in, in a broadly based protectionist trade bill, already passed the House. If it passes the Senate and becomes law, it will certainly produce a world trade war. The worst victims will be American farmers, for Europe won't buy our farm exports if we restrict their finished goods. Mr. Nixon's mistake No. 2 was born of overconfidence – he dropped the anti-inflationary 10 percent surtax. It was a handy device for cutting back war profits and sopping up excess purchasing power and it took a big struggle to enact. Mr. Nixon felt he didn't need it.

The third item sprang from an emotional and almost theological rejection of any White House jawboning ("incomes policy") against excessive price or wage increases. The Democrats had interfered in the sacred field of private enterprise; Mr. Nixon wasn't going to. It all sounded like General Eisenhower or Herbert Hoover. Just last January in his State of the Union speech Mr. Nixon was saying, "We must balance our federal budget so that American families will have a better chance to balance their family budgets." That had a proper roll to it, but it didn't make economic sense. Instead of a balanced budget the prospect is for a federal deficit of $10-to-$15 billion, and maybe more. The business slump has cut back taxes and federal income.

The Teamsters got a big wage boost of 12 percent. The hard hat construction workers got an even bigger settlement; steel and metal products industries got rattling price boosts. The White House didn't say anything. It was rather patronizing about not interfering – just leave it all to the law of supply and demand it said; as we slow down the economy, idle jobs and idle factories will take care of everything. Mr. Nixon announced a hands-off policy, and corporations and unions accepted it as meaning the sky's the limit, anything goes.

Fortune magazine, *Business Week*, and now the prestigious Committee of Economic Development (CED) implore Mr. Nixon to reverse his policy and exercise leadership. They can hardly be accused of radicalism. They insist that this is where inflation is rooted. The law of supply and demand operates on competitive things like farm prices but hardly on goods and services that are pegged by giant corporations and big unions.

There will be a large federal deficit this year, but it is not cause for great concern. Red ink in the Treasury means inflation if the economy is racing ahead, but now it is marking time, almost stagnant. Factories are producing at only 75 percent of capacity; there are millions of idle workers. As the authoritative CED says, "no attempt should be made to resist deficits to the extent that they are needed to counter the current weakness in the economy."

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The POW Congress

It would have been a fancy feather for the President's war bonnet, but alas, the raiders who were dropped near Hanoi to rescue American POWs came away empty-handed; no prisoners were there; there had been a failure of intelligence. The incident was no exception to the rule. The whole Indochina military enterprise bespeaks a failure of intelligence, and it is not only the unfortunate POWs who are the victims of these repeated blunders. All of us are captives of a series of faulty judgments. But in the case of the Congress of the United States, the captivity is voluntary. Unlike American prisoners in North Vietnam, the Congress has a choice; it could at any time free itself from its bondage. It does not. Instead, it stands by helplessly, while for the second time in seven months large-scale bombing of North Vietnam and of southern Laos and Cambodia is launched, without even a glance in the direction of Capitol Hill. Senator George D. Aiken of Vermont, the ranking Republican member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, interprets this latest bypassing of Congress as evidence that "the executive branch doesn't trust the legislative branch." Of course it doesn't; it hardly trusts its Department of State. Why then, does the legislative branch continue trusting that the President will do what the country wants, and what Mr. Nixon has pledged himself to do – end the war?

The issue is simply stated. Most Americans, including most congressmen (Lame Duck or 92nd) want the fighting stopped. The way to stop it (and to free all POWs) is through negotiations. The prerequisite for that is a new, interim government in Saigon that will and can negotiate. But Mr. Nixon and his advisers want something different; they want to win a military victory, though with the fewest possible American casualties. Members of Congress, old and new, have for years been expected to appropriate funds for the continuance of the war, without asking questions and without being taken into Mr. Nixon's confidence. Self-determination by the elected representatives is abandoned, along with the Senate's constitutional share of responsibility for foreign policy, in order that the White House may confer its version of self-determination on Asian countries of its choice. Congress could break out of this imprisonment by refusing tamely to yield up its power of the purse, or other levers of power conferred upon it by the Constitution. It is not obliged, for

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instance, to furnish the President with $285 million on demand for Cambodia.

The Administration places great faith in "signals." The primary purpose of the latest bombing raids on North Vietnam, a Pentagon spokesman explains, was "to remind the other guy what the rules of the game are. Whether he understands them is not particularly important. The signal's the thing." Congress, too, can deliver a signal, and one the President will understand. It can remind him what the rules of the political game are between the executive and legislative branches. The Administration's Indochina policy is inevitably going to compel the White House to ask for further large sums for military spending there. The Secretary of Defense is already requesting, in addition, extra money for broader defense purposes; he has asked the Senate Appropriations Committee to restore $900 million of military cuts previously ordered by Congress, and to give him $354 million more on top of that, for hardware the Pentagon didn't happen to think of at the time Laird submitted his Defense Budget in January. The deeper the Administration's win policy drives it into military spending, the more opportunities the Congress will have to curb and perhaps reverse Mr. Nixon's decisions. So far, Congress has allowed itself to be led, rather than to lead. It has ordered cuts, but at the same time has been extravagant with gifts the Administration did not even request – more warplanes for Chiang Kai-shek, for example. The Executive has repaid Congress for its generosity by repeated vetoing of money bills for domestic purposes. The vetoes have been accompanied by stern warnings that domestic spending – but apparently not military spending – worsens inflation. Now the resumption of bombing of North Vietnam gives Congress another chance to take matters in hand.

It is more than an opportunity, it is a necessity. The official explanation of the bombing of the North is that the Administration could "not tolerate" an extensive Communist buildup south of the 19th parallel. Where have we heard that before? In spite of "Vietnamization" and the purported cleaning out of Cambodian "sanctuaries," the enemy again threatens to build up sufficient military strength to endanger Saigon's forces as well as the third of a million American troops still in South Vietnam. For almost two months now, US planes have been bombing roads and trails in southern Laos and Cambodia. When the President last week sent 250 planes to bomb North Vietnam, he also dispatched another 400 – from aircraft carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin and from bases in Thailand and South Vietnam – to bomb Laos and Cambodia. In eight months, more than 70 planes have been lost over Laos alone. Yet Pentagon sources admit that the military supplies the 250 planes sent North may have succeeded in destroying, can be only "a drop in the bucket." The enemy stockpile of arms in the area of Vietnam north of the border buffer zone, we are told, has grown half as large again as at this time last year. The Administration may not be able to tolerate a buildup, but if it occurs, it will do so without Mr. Nixon's permission; and past sad experience indicates that daily and nightly bombing raids can't prevent it.

Only a short time ago, the Administration was claiming that both Hanoi and the Vietcong guerrillas in South Vietnam were hurting very badly from the drain on their manpower. Yet suddenly the rate of North Vietnamese infiltration along the jungle trails toward South Vietnam is described as three to four times as great as it was estimated to be in October, 1969. There are said to be 100,000 North Vietnamese soldiers now in South Vietnam, and almost twice that many in Laos and Cambodia

President Johnson announced a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam on November 1, 1968. But, there were no less than 60 bombing missions over North Vietnam, with the loss of at least nine planes, in the 18 months from that date until Mr. Nixon's strike against the North in May of this year. The May bombing was by far the biggest raid carried out since the November 1968 "halt" – until last week; it also was initially disguised as "protective reaction," to deter the North Vietnamese from shooting down unarmed American reconnaissance planes. Secretary of State Rogers said quaintly, in May, that such raids were "not a new policy," but "part of the arrangement made with North Vietnam when we stopped the bombing" in November 1968; except that the bombing never did stop, and that North Vietnam has denied being a party to any such arrangement. The heavy strikes on May 1 and 2 were not "protective reaction" at all. They were part and parcel of American ground operations in Cambodia – the scouring of the "sanctuaries." Nor were last week's raids in retaliation for the North Vietnamese downing of a US reconnaissance plane. A plane *was* shot down, but ten days earlier; the latest bombing was aimed at the North Vietnamese buildup of men and military supplies, a buildup that threatens to shake the Thieu-Ky regime to its insecure foundations and to upset Mr. Nixon's strategy.

It is illuminating to look back to the May bombings and recall that Secretary of State Rogers and Vice President Agnew described them, and the simultaneous Cambodian thrusts, as limited operations that would not escalate the conflict. The same is being said about the latest attacks on the North. But something has been added: Congress now is being asked to produce $285 million in aid to Cambodia – obviously as a first installment. Senator Fulbright's comment on the $285-million request was to recollect that the Foreign Relations Committee's "last discussion of Cambodia with the Secretary of State was in an executive session on April 27. At that meeting, Secretary Rogers expressed the Administration's concern that a large-scale military

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assistance program would probably be followed by a need for military advisers and subsequently by troops. He also emphasized the danger of becoming supportive of the Cambodian government." The fears Rogers voiced then are more than ever applicable.

This is what the President's peace plan has come to – more war, in an ever-wider area. Further troop cuts notwithstanding, US military spending next year for South Vietnam will be running about $11 billion. There is also the Air Force's latest contract with Northrop for building a brand-new plane, the F-5, which, when built, is to be presented free to Chiang Kai-shek, the Thais, the South Korean and South Vietnam regimes, and perhaps other Asian allies.

The Administration's signals are clear enough. What we're waiting for is a signal from Capitol Hill. When is Congress going to flash back a light of its own, a red light?

House Battle

Three changes are in the offing when the 92nd Congress convenes in January. For the first time since the beginning of the Republic, the votes of Members on amendments to bills will be recorded rather than kept secret. Secondly, the seniority system is under renewed attack in both parties; Members are now talking about how and when rather than whether to change the system. Most important, however, is the change in Democratic leadership that will come with the retirement of Speaker John McCormack. Since Carl Albert, the present Majority Leader, will ascend to the Speakership uncontested, the battle for the post of Majority Leader will be the crucial one.

Traditionally, Democratic leadership in the House has been the near-monopoly of the South. Of 23 men who have served as House Democratic leaders in this century, only four came from outside the Southern and border states. Only two of these made it past the appointive number three job of whip – Henry Rainey of Illinois, who served one term each as Majority Leader and Speaker during the New Deal, and John McCormack. The main fact of life has been the control over the most powerful committees by senior Southern conservatives, though they are a minority of House Democrats and have come more and more to oppose most national Democratic programs. The election in January of a new Majority Leader threatens this traditional dominance.

Stand-patters who have announced so far are: Hale Boggs (La.), the current whip; Wayne Hays (Ohio); and B. F. Sisk (Calif.). The change-oriented candidates are James G. O'Hara (Mich.) and Morris Udall (Ariz.). Hays supports Hays; his candidacy is not serious. Boggs and Sisk have their main strength in the Dixiecrat South and among some Northerners who consistently vote with Southerners. O'Hara and Udall get their principal support from liberals and moderates.

Sisk entered the race only last week but is the principal threat to the election of a progressive. A native Texan, he has already eroded Boggs' strength in the South and is expected to become the Dixiecrat candidate as Boggs fades. Sisk is adept at finding "respectable" ways of kowtowing to the Southern-dominated power structure. Over the years, he has grown more and more conservative. During the first session of the 91st Congress, he voted more with than against the Dixiecrat-GOP alliance, according to *Congressional Quarterly* studies. On *The New Republic* scale, he voted right on only six of 12 key votes in this session, compared to Udall's 9 of 12 and O'Hara's 12 of 12. When the 1965 Voting Rights Act reached the floor of the House, the Southerners and Republican leader Jerry Ford devised a strategy of advancing a substitute that would have made it more difficult for blacks to register. In the all-important teller vote, Sisk backed the Southern substitute, the only non-Southern Democratic congressman who did. In the 89th Congress, when DC Home Rule seemed closer to realization than ever before (or since), Sisk offered an amendment to kill it in the guise of creating a "Charter Commission." The amendment passed; Home Rule died – thanks to Sisk's substitute. After giving a commitment to Speaker McCormack that as a member of the House Rules Committee, he would help bring fair housing legislation to the floor in 1968, he reneged. As the floor manager of the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1970, which he handled adroitly, he worked hard to avoid major changes in the way the House conducts its business, holding out as long as possible against recording teller votes.

Over the past dozen years, the bloc of moderates and liberals in the Democratic Caucus has grown in size and weight. Now the question is whether these urban-suburban-industrial Democrats will be represented in the leadership, or whether the old boys will keep command. Carl Albert has indicated privately that he believes it's time for a change. The *dramatis personae* of the current struggle gives Albert a splendid opportunity to make his speakership a turning point in the contemporary history of the House – *if* he supports the election of a Majority Leader committed, on the basis of past performance, to progress.

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Black Victories

The Joint Center for Political Studies, a clearing house for black political activity, claims the "greatest gain since Reconstruction" on November 3 in the number of blacks elected in the South. This doesn't count three additional House seats won in the North and West, plus at least two statewide officials elected last month.

The biggest gains were in Alabama where the black community has started the long process of taking over local offices under the banner of the National Democratic Party (NDP). Elected were three sheriffs (Greene, Bullock and Lowndes counties) giving black people four in that state; two members of the state legislature, the first since Reconstruction; a probate judge (Greene), three school board members, three coroners and two circuit judges.

South Carolina voters sent two black candidates to the legislature, also the first since Reconstruction.

House members were elected from two districts in which only 40 percent of the voters are black – Ron Dellums from the Berkeley-Oakland district in California and Parren J. Mitchell from Baltimore. George Collins, from a predominately black area on Chicago's West Side, becomes the second black congressman from that city, joining Ralph Metcalfe, who replaces the late Rep. William Dawson. All are Democrats.

There will be 12 black House members and one senator in the new Congress, and it appears that the 1972 round of reapportionment will give them several more – a second in Los Angeles and possibly a third in Chicago. But the next advance will probably have to come from metropolitan areas in the South (Atlanta, Richmond, Houston) where redistricting may put blacks within striking distance of victory. The Rev. Andy Young made a strong bid for Congress in Atlanta, but was cut down by apathy in the black community. His margin of loss was some 10,000 less than the number of registered black voters who did not turn out.

The most satisfying results were at a state level – in California where Wilson Riles easily defeated State Superintendent of Education Max Rafferty, and in Michigan where Richard Austin, a Detroit accountant who ran a close race for mayor a year ago, was elected secretary of state in a landslide victory. Austin not only rolled up a big margin in Detroit but carried outstate and is now being talked up as a candidate against Republican Sen. Robert Griffin in 1972. Also mentioned as a possible Democratic challenger is Rep. John Conyers of Detroit, though Conyers is discouraging this speculation.

Although the Joint Center for Political Studies has not completed its count of blacks elected in the South, a preliminary survey shows at least 114 of some 300 candidates were elected. Prior to November, there were 1600 black officeholders in the country, a figure which has now jumped appreciably. The largest contingent is from Michigan, where the farsighted policies of the United Auto Workers has contributed immeasurably to black successes. Alabama is second, a tribute to the strategy of NDP, organized in 1968 to give black voters a choice all the way down to the courthouse level.

Time for Candidates

The Senate's attempt last week to overturn the White House veto of a campaign spending bill fell four short of the required two-thirds majority. The Administration's vague indication that it would support a more comprehensive measure next session had some effect; so did post-election second thoughts by several Democrats. When many of his supporters failed to appear on the floor, Senator John Pastore, chief Democratic sponsor of the vetoed legislation, was forced to call a recess halfway through the three-hour debate. It was a poor performance. Even before November 3, everyone knew that well-heeled candidates could and did buy the eyes and ears of the electorate, to the disadvantage of less affluent opponents. A new "fairness doctrine," under which political time is more equitably apportioned, is essential.

Pastore's bill was not perfect and did not cover all campaign expenditures, but it could have been amended, or even repealed next year – if and when the President came through on his promise of support for something broader and better. The vetoed bill would have limited spending for radio and television time in the 1972 elections to $5.1 million for each national ticket, based on seven cents for each vote cast in the last Presidential contest – or less than half of what the Republicans spent for TV in 1968. The bill would also have suspended the equal-time requirement for Presidential campaigns, thus allowing television confrontation between major candidates, without requiring similar free time for fringe-party candidates. In effect, this would have made it impossible for either major party to dominate the airwaves.

All is not lost – yet. Senator Kennedy plans to reintroduce Pastore's bill as a rider to the Social Security Bill, which the President would find politically difficult to veto. It comes up for vote this month. A simple majority of the Senate is all that is required for approval; thereafter the bill as amended would move on to a Senate-House conference committee for consideration. Mr. Kennedy deserves high marks for not letting this partial but important reform die.

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The Nixon Watch

Hickel's Hot Seat

"Of course there will be changes as we go along," Mr. Nixon's press spokesman said the other day, coming as close as the President would then allow to confirming a spate of rumors that he intends to enter the second half or his first term with a substantially altered Cabinet and White House team. "I will have no comment on all of this speculation," the spokesman said a little later, "until we have something to announce, if and when we have anything to announce."

One of the changes yet to be announced was the nomination of Counsellor Daniel P. Moynihan, the President's senior staff Democrat and somewhat tarnished expert on problems ranging from urban reform to narcotics control, to be the US Ambassador to the United Nations. It was a strange reassignment, so strange for so many reasons that it indicated a yen for change for change's sake on the President's part that brought his own powers of judgment into question. Without officially confirming the President's intention, those mysterious characters known to the press as "White House sources" dished up several justifications, including Pat Moynihan's flair for graceful and spectacular public performances and his work over the past 18 months in trying to coordinate US and NATO social policies. None of the justifications made much sense from either his or the President's standpoint. Mr. Nixon has made it plain that he does not regard the UN as a forum for the conduct of vital international business, apart from a few matters such as the admission of Communist China. The post has been an unsplendid misery for past ambassadors, Adlai Stevenson and Arthur Goldberg among them, who were inveigled into it for showcase purposes. The incumbent, career diplomat Charles W. Yost, has proved himself to be suited by training and temperament for a job that by a historic definition requires strict adherence to instructions laid down by the State Department and White House and promises nothing but grief for ambassadors who try to operate in the freewheeling Moynihan style. For reasons that in my opinion are unfair to him, Moynihan is held in very low regard by black Americans and he may expect a cold welcome from the UN's black Africans.

Other prospective changes loomed larger in the news and stayed in the news because the President wanted them there. Undoubtedly at his behest, his assistants played the printed and other media like an organ, feeding out and then coyly discouraging rumors that Secretaries David Kennedy of the Treasury, Maurice Stans of Commerce, George Romney of Housing and Urban Development, Clifford Hardin of Agriculture and Walter Hickel of Interior were candidates for early replacement. Hardin only excepted ("absolutely without foundation," a Nixon spokesman said of that rumor after it had emerged from the White House), the victims were deliberately allowed to squirm in the resultant uncertainty. It was Mr. Nixon's way, as it had been the way of past Presidents, of softening the ground for any changes that he may finally decide upon. Attorney General John N. Mitchell, also a subject of rumor, acted as the President's preliminary executioner in at least two instances. George Romney acknowledged, obliquely and in obvious pain, that Mitchell had forewarned him of a possible change. Walter Hickel confided to his favorite TV interviewer, Mike Wallace of CBS, that Mitchell recently talked with him about another job where he would be "really setting policy" and advised him to "sit tight until you hear from me again. So, I'm sitting tight."

Secretary Hickel has been sitting tight in a heated seat for longer than is generally known. His dismal beginning at a pre-inaugural press conference, when his crude indications that he had no use for "conservation for conservation's sake" outraged many people, and his rapid recovery with a series of highly publicized and surprisingly bold actions in behalf of conservation, have long since become parts of the Hickel legend. So has a letter that he addressed to the President in May of 1970, suggesting that Vice President Agnew be muzzled and that Mr. Nixon pay hitherto unaccustomed heed both to dissident youth and to his own Cabinet members. The recurrent rumors since then that Mr. Nixon could do without Secretary Hickel have been taken as evidence that the President never forgave Hickel, not so much for the letter as for the fact that Hickel leaked the letter to three newspapers before it arrived at the White House. Well before that, however, Hickel was in disfavor with some of the President's assistants if not with Mr. Nixon.

John D. Ehrlichman, a Nixon assistant who still has more dealings with Hickel than any other staff man and is regarded in Hickel quarters as one of the Secretary's few White House friends, began to hear early in the Administration that the Interior Department, never a model of administrative efficiency, was going pretty much to pot. Hickel's relationship with Under Secretary Russell Train, a dedicated conservationist who had been installed principally to offset the Secretary's poor reputation in that field, was known to be practically nonexistent. Hickel, a land developer and builder who was governor of Alaska when Nixon brought him to Washington, was reported at the White House to communicate only with a coterie of immediate assistants, several of them imported with him from Alaska, and to be playing a lone and egoistic role that was having disastrous effects upon the department's management. Ehrlichman assigned a staff to check these reports, found them largely true, and confronted Hickel with them. Hickel admitted that the

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criticism had merit and promised to correct the causes. Russell Train, now chairman of the statutory Council on Environmental Quality, was succeeded by an Under Secretary who was thought to be a whiz at management and has not been heard from since. The judgment at the White House, even among officials who admire Hickel's record in conservation and his efforts to bring the Administration into tune with dissatisfied young Americans, is that Interior's management continues to be distressingly poor.

The difficulty between the two men may be more a matter of temperament than anything else. Nixon, with his passion for orderly and quiet operation except when he himself chooses to get raucous, is not likely to be or remain enamoured of a Secretary who fights back at his secret detractors with remarks like "The President hired me and he will have to fire me" and who delights in proclaiming that Mr. Nixon will have to offer a mighty good reason if and when he demands the resignation of Walter J. Hickel. If and when the President demands it, he will be depriving himself of a Secretary who has earned the plaudits of such congressional conservationists as Sen. Mark Hatfield of Oregon and of Rep. Henry S. Reuss of Wisconsin, the Democratic chairman of an important conservation subcommittee. "Secretary Hickel has been a pleasant surprise," Reuss says. "My net judgment is that on a wide variety of issues he has been right." One of the several issues on which Hickel has been right, in the judgment of Reuss and others of like mind, is the control of industrial dumping of mercury. Reuss blames Attorney General Mitchell, not Hickel, for a failure to enforce tough Interior Department regulations with court action. Hickel's record in this matter, Reuss says, "is as good as Mitchell's is bad. Mitchell's is horrible."

Secretary Hickel's duration in office may turn upon the biggest and toughest of all the ecological issues that he has dealt with. This is the proposal to drive an oil line through 800 miles of virgin Alaska, from recently discovered fields on the North Slope to a warm-water port. The pressures upon Hickel from his home state to grant the necessary permits, regardless of the demonstrably disastrous ecological effects, have been enormous and he has resisted them more effectively than a Secretary with his background could have been expected to do. The stringent stipulations that he has imposed may be held to constitute, with their ghastly citations of the minimum harm that is certain to be done, a convincing argument that the pipeline should not be allowed under any conditions.

Short of that Draconian choice, Secretary Hickel has refused to grant the permits until and unless his protective requirements are met. Months of struggle with the opposed interests lie ahead, but Walter Hickel will not be around at Interior to settle that problem, or any other.

John Osborne

Turning Trash into Cash

Bad Riddance

by David Sanford

Current waste disposal techniques in many cases merely compound problems. Burning trash gets rid of solid waste but contributes to air pollution. Garbage disposers get food scraps out of the house but overload sewer systems. Ecologists contend that landfills and incinerators – even the new, relatively clean-burning ones that are being built in Chicago and other places – are not the way to deal with solid waste. The ultimate solution lies in the efficient re-use of refuse: recycling paper, metal, glass and plastic; composting organic waste; reclaiming what is thrown away for use another day. There may even be profit in such a use cycle.

Solid-waste disposal is a major battlefront in the pollution war, and from all accounts the fight is being lost. Nearly all of the 12,000 land disposal-sites are a potential source of disease and blight, and the sites are being used up. Seventy percent of the 300 major community incinerators are lacking in proper air pollution controls. Several major cities, including Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco will use up their dumps within the next year. Baltimore announced recently

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that it was looking for private contractors to dispose of at least 300,000 tons of mixed refuse that the city can't handle. The solid-waste problem increases with the population, only more so. It is said that the average person produces 5.3 pounds of rubbish each day and that within 10 years the daily average will rise to eight pounds. Altogether each year we discard 48 billion cans, 26 billion bottles, 30 million tons of paper and four million tons of plastics.

I am indebted for these scare statistics to Sears Roebuck & Company and *Appliance Manufacturer* magazine, rather than to the usual government sources. Sears, *Appliance Manufacturer*, and other business outfits are taking an unusual proprietary interest in waste disposal because, as *AM* puts it, "There is money to be made by producing appliances to solve the garbage problem. There is life itself to save by halting the destruction of the environment on which we all depend for livelihood." The commercial ecologists have thus amassed a number of statistics to support the advertising claims they make for home appliances designed to cope with waste disposal.

Those who make and sell home waste disposal devices say that it is more sensible to dispose of trash and garbage at its sources than to spend money carting it around cities to some central disposal point whether it be an incinerator or a dump. For one thing it's cheaper. It costs as much as $29 a ton to collect and transport garbage but only $2 a ton for disposal. Some cities spend 10 percent of their budgets on refuse pickup. If every home and business disposed of its own, government would save and the costs would be diverted to the appliance industry in profits.

The assumption – usually implied rather than stated since it is so obviously spurious – is that enough homeowners can be induced to buy garbage disposers, clean-burning incinerators, and compactors – the three devices that make up an ideal home "system" – to make a dent in the problem.

Sears recently began national advertising for the Kenmore compactor, a kitchen appliance that sells for $200 to $250. The compactor, made for Sears by Whirlpool (which markets an identical but more expensive "Trash Masher" compactor under its own brand), is an elaborate mechanical waste basket which flattens refuse in much the same way large compactors make art out of junked automobiles by squeezing them into solid metal blocks.

In the case of the Whirlpool device, a small motor powered by ordinary house current activates a ram that exerts 2000 pounds of force to reduce cans, boxes, bottles and assorted scraps to about one-fourth of their original volume. The product of this performance is not art; it's still garbage. And the performance itself is not show biz, although flattening aerosol cans may have the brief hold on the adult attention span that putting pennies on railroad tracks just before the train passes has for little boys. The home compactor is functional and only a bit frivolous ("three decorator colors" and an "attractive vinyl top like that found on most luxurious automobiles").

Each time you have something to discard (provided it is not a personal hygiene item; a container of poisonous or highly flammable material that might leak out into the kitchen or catch fire under pressure; or a pressurized can that's not completely empty), you pull out the compactor drawer, throw the item in, turn a key, flip a switch and (sixty seconds later) the trash is flattened and deodorized. (The deodorizing is taken care of by an aerosol spray released each time the drawer is closed. The spray needs to be replaced periodically.)

The effect of the flattening is that you have to empty the rubbish less often. The special compactor bags, which cost about 35 cents each, hold 25 pounds of refuse or about as much as you could put, in an uncompacted state, in three large garbage cans. The average family of four using a compactor would have to take out the trash only once a week, and would no longer have to contend with unsightly garbage pails smelling up the house. Garbage pick-up would be less often required and landfills wouldn't be used up as quickly.

In addition to the very few things you shouldn't under any circumstances put in a compactor, Whirlpool recommends that wet garbage continue to be separated from bottles, cans, cardboard and such, and that the wet stuff go down the garbage disposer. (You do have a garbage disposer.) Care furthermore should be taken not to allow children to operate compactors for although various safety features have been designed into the machines, they are not totally safe. A key is required to activate the machine. After it's been turned and the switch has been thrown, a power ram descends. Should anyone try to open the trash drawer during the 60-second cycle, the machine shuts off. However, despite the safeguards, the compactor will crush anything it will hold including small pets and baby brother, not to mention diamond bracelets. A saleslady who demonstrated a compactor for me said one man told her he'd buy it if they had one large enough for his wife. The hazards are no joke.

Sears thinks its compactor is of national significance. John Ingold, merchandise manager for Sears kitchen lines, said in a company press release that "by compressing waste in the home and reducing the volume of trash collected by sanitation departments, the compactor can help lower the waste collection costs of American cities. Another benefit . . . would be longer use of landfill sites. . . . However, wide use of home compactors would be necessary before cities would realize these benefits." Sears stresses the "dimensions of the waste disposal crisis" in the hope of interesting

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the press in the merchandiser's ecology-oriented appliances. To customers the company stresses convenience, possibly because people are less likely to spend money on The Environment than they are on Themselves. Atlanta is one city that believes compactors may be worth taking seriously. With the help of a federal grant, the city will shortly place 400 Whirlpool compactors in selected homes for a test of new collection and disposal procedures.

The trash masher doesn't dispose of anything; it merely reduces volume of output. There are however other appliances – incinerators and garbage disposers – which offer at-source disposal and round out the home system. The principal drawback, and one reason many homeowners do not now have all this equipment, is cost (about $200 for a gas incinerator, $60 to $100 for a garbage disposer). The new "smokeless and odorless" gas incinerators available from several companies have afterburners that reduce smoke by about 40 percent and cut emissions of carbon monoxide and oxides of nitrogen to a fraction of auto exhaust. Incinerators, however, have never had a nonpolluting image and sales of indoor models have not been spectacular. Nevertheless the gas industry hopes to unload a million of them in the next five years.

Arnold P. Consdorf, associate editor of *Appliance Manufacturer*, sees some hope in a suggestion made by the White House Council on Environmental Quality that "industries and households [should] be required to pay for the wastes of which they dispose in the way that they now pay for utilities." Were the recommendation to be implemented, many people would look seriously at home disposal systems as an alternative to paying the garbage collector. The American Gas Association is currently working to convince the public and government officials of the advantages of gas incineration. Often this means lobbying, to repeal old air pollution codes that ban or discourage burning refuse, to roll back licensing and inspection fees, and to circumvent official hostility to trash burning.

Consdorf says that Chicago is a particularly tough nut to crack. There "the Department of Environmental Control . . . makes life difficult for the consumer. You pay a $5 filing fee to obtain a $5 installation permit. An original installation inspection costs $10 and yearly inspections another $5 each. . . . The department's commissioner, H. W. Poston, sees the [incinerator] units as polluters. . . . The industry will have to overcome this thinking and the deterrent that such regulations provide to the potential buyer." Contacted in Chicago last week Mr. Poston said he was not hostile to gas incineration, merely to the pollution it often brings, especially in old, poorly designed and improperly operated models that "put out a lot of particulate matter and odors." He said "there are incinerators on the market that can be approved, but you still have some problems, even with new apartment buildings using the latest equipment."

The American Gas Association is trying to convince the National Pollution Control Administration to let the AGA's Cleveland laboratories become the approving authority for gas incinerators. In other words the industry that profits from the devices would be in the position to judge whether they comply with legal requirements – a conflict of interest if there ever was one. Of this Poston commented "You can't have the polluter setting the standards. I think the Gas Association could be involved in presenting their ideas, but they shouldn't be the ones to set standards."

Garbage disposers, the most familiar part of the home waste system, are now in common use except in New York City and some other localities where their use is banned on the grounds that sewer systems can't accommodate the additional effluent disposers flush into the sewers. Generally they grind waste finely enough so that it can enter sewage systems without blocking pipes. The particles settle out of waste water during sewage treatment, thus increasing demands on sewers and increasing treatment costs. But they're still cheaper than garbage collection. Your new home in Beverly Hills must (by law) have one.

Disposers, no longer a novelty, have been perfected to the point that manufacturers now concentrate in the main on styling changes. But although sales are expected to continue growing at a rate somewhat higher than for appliances generally, only about a fifth of US households have garbage disposers. What then are the prospects that enough of us will buy complete systems – compactors, incinerators and disposers – to have an effect on the total waste problem. Whirlpool officials refuse to divulge sales projections for their new compactors. They are a trade secret. It seems safe to guess nevertheless that only a relatively few, affluent, gadget-minded families more directly interested in personal convenience than in saving the environment will be able to afford the systems approach to waste disposal and that despite all the gadgets ultimate solutions will have to involve communities rather than individual consumers.

The most distressing thing about the ecologists with commercial axes as well as garbage to grind is their inclination to overstate the contribution their products can make toward environmental improvement. Consumers may find, in the case of compactors, that they are more trouble than they are worth (keeping a supply of special bags and deodorizer, keeping the children away, remembering what you can't put in the compactor) and that they have little social importance. The incinerator people seem willing to fight solid waste at the expense of air pollution. The garbage disposer takes the burden off the householder and a job away from the garbage man and puts it on the already overloaded sewer system.

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Courtesy of Congress

The Boomdoggle

by Mary Ann Eriksen

With the $290 million supersonic transport appropriation issue coming before the Senate, it is time again to review the arguments, especially when legislators like Sen. Barry Goldwater, fixated by "a yen for distant horizons," call the Supersonic Transport "inevitable and essential."

Proponents of the SST, led by President Nixon, cite three reasons for continuing to federally finance Boeing's development of the plane: creation of jobs, balance of payments, national prestige. Yet Mr. Nixon's own ad hoc Review Committee, appointed in February 1969, recommended suspending work on the project. According to Rep. Sidney Yates (D, Ill.) the committee's report "rejects basic arguments used to justify the SST. It disputes that the balance of payments would be favorable; it casts doubt on the economic viability of the plane; it questions whether Americans will ever be able to accept the jarring sonic boom which is an inseparable part of supersonic flight; it raises disturbing questions about the damaging effects the SST would have on the environment; it criticizes the two-headed conflicting role played by the FAA in acting as guardian of the safety of the nation's airways and of the aircraft using the airways, while acting at the same time as the principal supporter and loving promoter of an aircraft having such dubious value as the SST."

Fifteen leading economists, including Arthur Okun and Walter Heller – both former chairmen of the President's Council of Economic Advisers – and three other former council members, have strongly condemned government appropriations for the SST. University of Chicago Professor Milton Friedman has declared "the balance of payments argument is a complete red herring. . . . If the SST is worth building, the market will make it in Boeing's interest to build without a subsidy; if a subsidy is needed, the SST should not be built." Paul Samuelson has called the employment argument misleading, saying it "would be a return to the outmoded philosophy of make-work in which men are hired to do useless things like digging holes and filling them up again in order to increase jobs and purchasing power." Furthermore, other critics say, in creating jobs building the SST, we would be destroying jobs building jumbo jets and air buses.

The President's Review Committee warned against the employment argument: "This employment will be highly concentrated in professional, managerial, skilled and semi-skilled occupations which in a period of full employment, may prove inflationary. Very few unskilled workers will be required. However, such employment should not be considered as justification for proceeding with the program but only as a dividend from it."

Dr. Richard Garwin, heading the panel of scientists which reported secretly to the President on the SST, testified before the Senate Transportation Committee that further funding of the plane would be "an unwise investment," apart from adverse environmental effects, and economist George Eads of Princeton has testified that "the economic arguments alone dictate that the federal government should not appropriate $290 million to finance construction."

Answering the prestige argument, Hendrik S. Houthakker of the President's Council of Economic Advisers has said simply that "we do not believe that our prestige abroad will be enhanced by a concentration on white elephants."

Beyond the economic reasons for *not* building the SST are the plane's devastating environmental effects. The most obvious, of course, is the sonic boom. Most people still think of it as a momentarily shocking noise and jolt and don't realize that the SST will create a sonic boom 50 miles wide for the entire length of its flight at supersonic speed. If the SSTs are flown over the United States, and the FAA has repeatedly refused to guarantee that they won't be, there will be virtually no place in the country that is unaffected. Even if SST flights could be restricted to sparsely populated areas, the environmental damage might be extreme to wildlife and to the land itself in creating avalanches, effects which have already been cited in Wyoming as results of sonic booms.

Harvard's William A. Shurcliff in his book *The SST and Sonic Boom Handbook*, focuses on the sonic boom and "the FAA's refusal to establish a *definite* ban on supersonic flight overland" as his main concern: "If overland supersonic flight is permitted, 500 million persons in America, Europe and Asia may be jolted every hour, day and night, by sonic booms

Mary Ann Eriksen *is environmental editor of the* Claremont Courier *in Claremont, California.*

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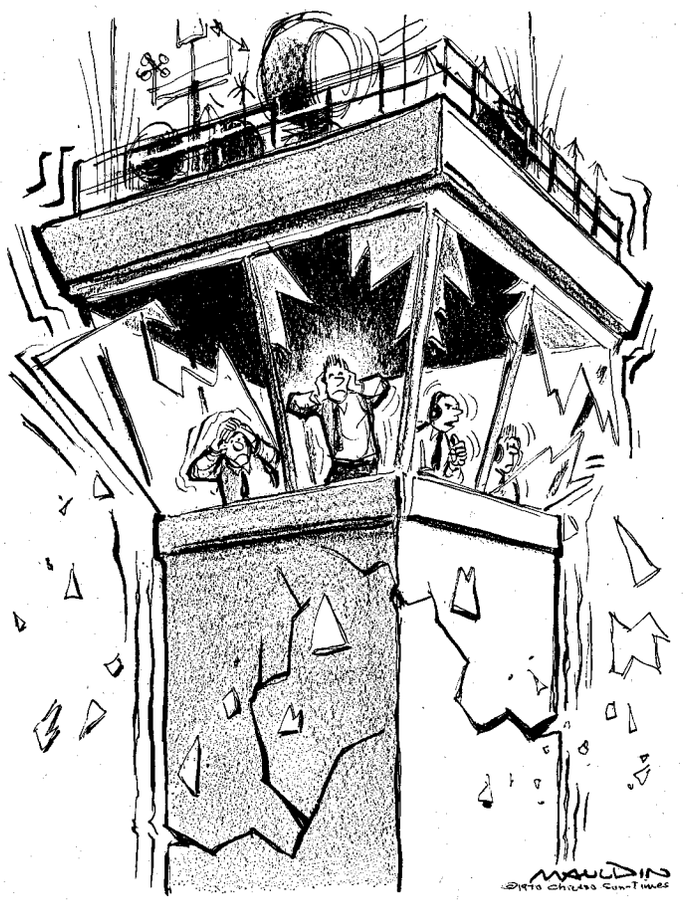
from hit and run SSTs. . . . Surgeons performing delicate operations will be startled, and their instinctive reflex reactions may cause permanent harm to the patients. The very elderly, the very young and the ill will suffer more than other persons. . . . In the USA alone the damage done to glass, plaster, and other materials may amount to $3,000,000 per day. For the aviation industry to make just and prompt payment for the damage done to buildings is impractical and for it to make adequate payment for the harrassment to people is inconceivable. Aviation, instead of being man's servant, would be his scourge."

In addition to the sonic booms, the ground noise of the SST will be three to four times louder than the present government noise standard would permit, according to Russell Train, chairman of the Environmental Quality Council. Others have likened the runway noise of one SST to that of 50 regular jets taking off together.

If flown at subsonic speeds, the SST – using three times as much fuel as a 747 – poses an air pollution problem, as commented upon by Mr. Train: "Operation at subsonic speeds, including takeoffs and landings, results in inefficient fuel combustion with a resulting heavy discharge of pollutants in the atmosphere. This result then of banning overland supersonic flights and forcing the SST to fly subsonically for service to inland cities, means that we would be exchanging sonic booms for excessive air pollution."



"You're cleared for takeoff, SST, and good riddance"

Ultimately, the effects of the SST on the climate of the world may be its most serious threat. A report from MIT's Study of Critical Environmental Problems, based on the work of almost 50 American and European scientists, says that the SSTs would increase water vapor in the stratosphere by at least 10 percent, possibly as much as 60 percent over the Northern Hemisphere where traffic is heaviest, as well as increase sulfur dioxide and hydrocarbon particulates as much as tenfold, creating permanent layers of atmospheric smog. Temperatures in the stratosphere could also rise six to seven degrees centigrade. Dr. Gordon MacDonald, the geophysicist on the Council for Environmental Quality, has warned that "this is potentially such a significant problem that we must understand it before proceeding in any way to alter the water vapor content of this part of the atmosphere."

Two reports on the SST, one prepared by Boeing and the other by 16 scientists, have been suppressed by the Nixon Administration, and as a result of this censorship two lawsuits have been instigated "to obtain for the public record information improperly withheld by the government on the environmental impact of the SST." One suit calls for the release of the report of the 16 scientists, headed by Richard Garwin of the IBM research laboratory, which criticized the SST on economic and environmental grounds, and the other suit has been brought against Secretary of Transportation Volpe because the SST program has not been completely studied and assessed for environmental impact as required by the new Environmental Policy Act.

The City of New York has intervened in the first suit, saying "it is gravely concerned that operation of the SST will have serious adverse effects on the quality of life within its jurisdiction." In court, New York Corporation Counsel J. Lee Rankin stated, "The effect of the sonic boom on the people and buildings within the city, the effect of burning enormous amounts of fuel required to run the SST on the quality of the city's air; the effect of the takeoff noise on the many city residents living close to the city's airports; these are just a few of the aspects of the SST about which the city would like to know a great deal more than it does now."

The House passed the $290 million SST subsidy for the fiscal year 1971 by a margin of 176-162. The Senate vote will come any day now. Dr. Karl Ruppenthal, director of Stanford's Transportation Management Program, warns that if the Senate approves this next installment on the SST, "the result may well be severe damage to our aircraft industry, deterioration on our balance of payments, disappearance of several airlines, and destruction of the few remaining quiet areas in the world."

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Some Parting Thoughts on de Gaulle

"How Often He Was Right . . ."

by Denis Brogan

The memorial service in Notre-Dame was not Charles de Gaulle's choice and might have amused his ironical turn of mind: the great ones of the world were in one place, and the man they were commemorating was in a tiny village far, by French standards, to the east. There is no doubt that the will he made in 1952 expressing his disillusionment with the French political set-up and the French political personnel represented his convictions and was very much in his style. Although his whole position had changed by 1970, he saw no reason to change the austere mode of his departure from this earth.

There was another form of irony in his death and his burial. He was no longer President of the French Republic. He held no office of any kind. He had always refused the formal honors which were offered to him. He refused the *médaille militaire* which Sir Winston Churchill so gladly accepted. He retained only his very minor military rank as an Acting Brigadier-General. He was not a member of the Institut de France (unlike his friend and collaborator Conrad Adenauer).

The austerity, the arrogance, the conviction of rightness and righteousness which was a great part of his strength was also a part cause of his unpopularity in other countries, and, indeed, in France itself. His whole life, from his days as a cadet to his death, was a kind of reproach to the French political and military set-up. He detested *la facilité*, the make-do-and-mend attitude of too many Frenchmen. And there was a curious parallel in his scarcely concealed contempt for a great part of the French people with the ironical assertion by Bismarck that he was not a German, but a Wend. But, of course, Bismarck was very much a German and very much a Prussian, and de Gaulle was very much a Frenchman, and very much a soldier. He was the last of the great war leaders of the Second World War, and in some ways the most remarkable of them. For he started with less than nothing and fought his way to the top against the formidable opposition of the most powerful leader of the West, Franklin D. Roosevelt. But he defeated FDR in FDR's life, and perhaps will defeat him in the world's memory. For he had something which FDR lacked almost entirely: a very deep sense of history, of the past and of the future. As André Malraux has said, he could see back a century, and he could see forward to a century which is, I think, only now beginning.

Compared with de Gaulle, even Sir Winston had an unoriginal mind, and compared with de Gaulle it is not totally unjust to say that FDR had no mind at all. It took a long time for the American people to realize how formidable an enemy they had made or, if enemy is too severe a word, how formidable a critic they had made in alienating the almost unknown, not very senior French officer who, alone, in the summer of 1940 determined that France should not throw her hand in, but would be present, and present as a victorious power, when the great war against Hitler's Germany came to a victorious conclusion.

In many ways, de Gaulle was like Foch, and like him in his belief that faith, confidence, was itself a source of victory. This meant that, playing a very bad hand with hardly any good cards, he created for himself a legend from which France on the whole benefited greatly, although the legend had a great price in the degree to which it divided France. De Gaulle was like Foch in another way. He was what the French call a *mauvais coucheur*. He had none of the formal amiability of General Eisenhower or, in another way, of Winston Churchill. He could be extremely charming when he chose to individuals and to groups, and he could also be cold, imperious, unjust, and dominating to a degree that was all the more maddening because behind it was no visible material power. Again he was like Foch for, as a senior contemporary of Foch at the École Polytechnique once told me, Foch, when a cadet, had all the self-confidence that he had later as a Marshal of France. De Gaulle had even more self-confidence, because he had it and showed it without being a Marshal of France, when, indeed, he seemed to be totally rejected to the obscurity of an unsuccessful politician who had played an interesting but minor rôle in the Second World War.

Even more than his enemy FDR or than Napoleon, de Gaulle was a first class actor. When he came back to power in 1958 he was able to win over or silence or deceive the leaders of the declining and discredited French political system. He was able to deceive the *colons* in North Africa. He was able to confute ambitious, unscrupulous, honest, dishonest, vain and

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Sir Denis Brogan *writes for numerous periodicals. Among his many books are* Worlds in Conflict *and* The French Nation.

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simply proud Frenchmen who could not see in what way de Gaulle deserved this curious hold he had over the French people and, for a great part of the last years of his life, over the European imagination. He was for a time a hero in Germany as much as, or perhaps more than, he was in France.

A great many people in England thought the behavior of the President of the United States was stupid, vain, and bad-mannered, and resented deeply the White House treatment of de Gaulle in 1943-45. (Among those who shared this view was, I am told, King George VI.)

The faults of de Gaulle were, of course, as great as his stature. He had no understanding of, and perhaps not much interest in, the economic problems of France and their possible solution. He could be an acute critic of some French adventures into the politics of magnificence. He was ironical, for example, about the money spent on the magnificent ship, the *France*. But he was willing to waste money on the French *force de frappe*. Though it was, I think, largely wasted, it was no more wasted than the British atomic strike force has been. Indeed, one of the oddest features of British admiration of de Gaulle was that he stood up to the Yankees (which many people in Britain wanted him to do), and stood up to them far more successfully than did Sir Winston's successors – or perhaps Sir Winston himself. As de Gaulle said, it was because he was so powerless in 1940 that he could make no concessions, and he was able to withstand every kind of pressure brought by the White House and prevent the successful carrying out of American policies toward France that became more and more absurd until they were really defended only by FDR himself.

There may be no place now for a state of the kind that de Gaulle believed in. Perhaps a really united Europe is on the way. But it was too soon to be sure of this, and it is too soon to be sure that a united Europe can be effectively organized in this generation. I wish it could be, but that is nothing to do with the realities of the case! From the beginning of his career at Saint-Cyr to his death, de Gaulle cast himself as a leader, and in order to maintain that rôle he thought it necessary to be harsh, ungrateful, uncandid, and to be as *roublard* in his own way as Pierre Laval was in his. (I can well believe that Laval, who admired de Gaulle a great deal, did say that France required two types of leader, one like himself and one like the General.)

That de Gaulle made more enemies inside and outside France than he needed to make is probably true, but I don't know who is in a position to judge this delicate problem now. There are foolish, ambitious and vain French politicians like M. Servan-Schreiber who seriously cast themselves as possible successors to the General. There are half a dozen men of vanity and ability, in that order, who tried in vain to overthrow the General or to thwart his policies. Many of these policies were sterile. Others, like his dealings with the French empire, were highly fertile although his own share in the beginnings of the Indochinese "ulcer" should not be forgotten, any more than we should forget that he warned President Kennedy in the first few months of his Presidency to avoid being dragged into the insoluble politics of Southeast Asia.

In many ways, the public picture of de Gaulle is misleading. He was, for example, contemptuous of the French business classes and contemptuous of the French military class: I once heard him say, "I am fed up with all generals, including myself" (of course he didn't really include himself in this despised category). He was reluctant to accept the scaling down of the old traditional Great Powers – not only of France, but also of Britain – and he had grave doubts as to whether the United States had wisdom anything nearly appropriate to its material power. He could survive the foolish criticism of people like Senator Javits of New York who once startled a select English audience by his bad-mannered bad jokes at the expense of a man whom everyone present thought was worth a great many senators, including the senior senator from New York.

Perhaps it is a good thing that we shall not look upon his like again. But from time to time it would be well if the American people and the American government would reflect on how often de Gaulle was right, how often he was far-sighted, how limitless was his courage, moral and physical, and how great a rôle he will have not only in the history of France but in the history of Europe in what is perhaps this declining age, although it may be a decline to be followed by new bursts of energy and courage.

It is easy to accuse Charles de Gaulle of being simply an inferior Bonaparte. Without discussing their relative intellectual merits, I think there is no doubt that de Gaulle's character was vastly superior to that of Bonaparte. Napoleon said he could not distinguish between his own ambitions and his feeling for the greatness of France. One can doubt the truth of his judgment although Napoleon may have believed that he was telling the truth. In 1921 France celebrated, if that is the word, the centenary of the death of Napoleon, and the greatest event was the speech made at his tomb in the Invalides by Marshal Foch. The speech was not a blind eulogy by the Marshal who professed to be a disciple of Napoleon for, addressing the dead man as "Sire," he pointed out how moral faults had undone or greatly weakened the achievement of the greatest of soldiers. De Gaulle had his own moral faults, but they were all of a more noble kind than those of the Corsican adventurer. And although he did, almost as much as the Emperor, identify himself with France, he had none of the disastrous egoism which brought down the Emperor and was a decisive turning point for the worse in the history of France.

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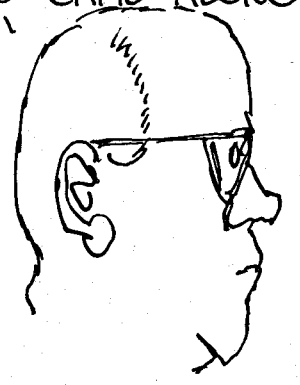
JULES FEIFFER

I THOUGHT I WAS LEFT.

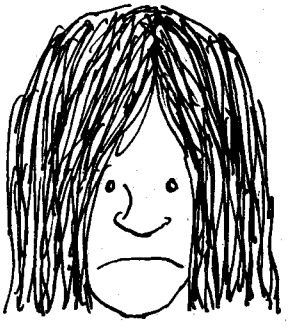
UNTIL THE COLLEGE KIDS CAME ALONG.



I THOUGHT I WAS LEFT.

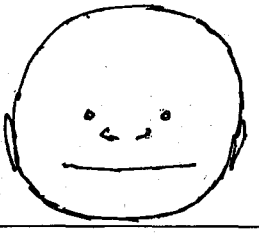
UNTIL THE HIGH SCHOOL KIDS CAME ALONG.

I THOUGHT I WAS LEFT.



UNTIL THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL KIDS CAME ALONG.

I'M LEFT.



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Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Owl and the Pussycat

(Columbia)

Where's Poppa?

(United Artists)

Groupies

(Maron)

She really ought to be called Barbra Strident. She comes on harsh and grating, seeking to win us by being unabashed about it. One reason she does it, I think, is panic. *Funny Girl* fit her like a second skin, but then, bereft of Fanny Brice in the two musicals that followed, she grabbed at a lot of other imitations to support her out there in the Brice-less cold. In her latest comedy, increasingly desperate, she leans on all the crassness she considers surefire, like a comic running out of material who can at least drop his pants.

The Owl and the Pussycat, by Buck Henry from a play by Bill Manhoff, is about a Manhattan bookshop clerk who kids himself that he's a writer and a hooker who kids herself that she's a model. Their encounters strip away their delusions and their clothes, and they end up facing truth together. They "meet cute," and their story gets mechanically cuter all the way.

Henry has opened the play out of its original one room into a number of settings and has expanded the dialogue in the Manhoff patterns of punchline rhythm. Rhythm is the important element in this standard brand of Broadway laugh manufacture, not words. For instance, just before a character exits (Character B in the following exchange), the rhythm usually runs something like this:

A: Dum-dum-da-dum-da-*dum*?

B: Dum-dum-da-dum – (*pause*) – dum-dum-da-dum – (*pause*) – dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-da-DUM! (*Fast exit.*)

Yok. Boff. Surefire. The words themselves don't really matter, though of course a nice salty final expletive helps.

Herbert Ross, the director, has a choreographer's sense of these rhythms, but visually he is plagued by the Panavision, which he doesn't know how to use. Also he stages the final fight-and-reconciliation scene in Central Park, with the lovers throwing each other to the ground and walloping each other, and there are dozens of people in the background who never even turn their heads to look at the battling pair. The color throughout is what used to be known in magazine art-departments as borax. (Example: If Ed Sullivan were a piece of artwork, he'd be borax.)

George Segal plays the clerk, and there's a sharp contrast between him and his co-star. Segal has changed, from the flashy make-out actor of his first films, to an actor trying to probe for some naturalistic truth. His range isn't wide and he lacks basic excitement – there's no kind of surprise in him – but he does try to validate his work. And here he plays opposite a vaudevillian who is looking only for effects: glitz or heart-tug or boffola, all the while underscoring her vulgarity so hard that she hopes to embarrass you into laughing at it. (Which you do, sometimes.) She's skillful, but she's a performer, not an actress; and Segal is trying to act.

If computers can ever turn out romantic comedies, the results will be a lot like *The Owl and the Pussycat*.

Buster Keaton had two rules: 1) Get the laugh. 2) Don't be too ridiculous. Carl Reiner knows only the first.

Where's Poppa?, directed by Reiner with a screenplay by Robert Klane from his own novel, is about a Manhattan lawyer and his struggle to escape the clutches of his nutty, domineering, widowed mother who lives with him. In the version I saw at a press screening, the son fails to escape; I'm told that a switch ending has since been put on the released film. (A mere 100% difference.) The vein is farce-comedy, vaguely surrealistic, in the newly liberated areas of sex and social reference and vocabulary. But Reiner and Klane are drunk on the new freedom and think that the mere use of it is self-justifying.

Reiner was never strong on comic logic or taste (*Enter Laughing*, for instance): his only motto is Anything for a Laugh, and he's found the ideal collaborator in Klane. All that has changed is the boundary of permissiveness. For instance, in this film, the hero's bourgeois brother, excited for reasons I won't detail, attacks a girl in Central Park at night. Later he finds out that the girl was really a policeman in drag, trying to entice rapists. Later still, the policeman sends him flowers suggesting another date. This is a story-conference series of gags, which must have doubled them up around the table. In action, it is (as Keaton means it) too ridiculous. The premise – a respectable married man seizing the incognito chance to commit rape – is OK, but nothing after that is credible enough to be funny, especially in a picture that sets great store by its fidelity to nitty-gritty detail.

George Segal is here again – this time the lawyer-hero, giving more or less the same performance with more or less the same moustache. One change: this time he puts on a gorilla suit for laughs, instead of the skeleton suit he wears in *Owl*. Ruth Gordon is the mother, giving the same eccentric performance she has been giving for many, many years, except that now, mercifully, she doesn't try to be sexy, too. The mother wants to keep her son from getting married. In one scene, in order to scare off a girl whom he has brought home to dinner, she pulls down her son's trousers and bites his behind, just as when he was a baby. If you have been waiting to see Ruth Gordon bite George Segal's left buttock, this picture is for you.

You might think that *Where's Poppa?* would have benefited by some of the former restrictions of language and subject because then it would have had to be more inventive instead of so glibly hip. But then you remember that Reiner was just as laugh-crazy even when he was restricted.

Groupies is a documentary about the girls who are camp-followers of pop/rock performers. (There was a fictional scene with one in *Alice's Restaurant*.) We're told that its 92 minutes were condensed from 80 hours of film; if they'd kept condensing to 29 minutes, it would have been a better picture.

Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard co-directed, Dorfman photographed and edited. Their work is acceptable but without distinction. The editing is mostly an effort at organization, not style. The basic shooting method is the by-now routine one of intrusion, of snatching *vérité*, and of recording the

(*Continued on page 35*)

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Alex Campbell: The Grim Great

Frederick the Great by Nancy Mitford

(Harper & Row; $15.00)

Alexander the Great by Peter Green

(Praeger; $12.95)

Louis XIV by Philippe Erlanger

(Praeger; $10.00)

The world laments the paucity of great men when it is not groaning under their oppressions. The "great man" has traditionally been a ruler of men, and the mightiest rulers, from Alexander to Peter, Napoleon and Stalin, have not been benevolent. Take Alexander, in Peter Green's acerbic but accurate sketch of character – "Anyone who ever did him a disservice, however trivial, lived to regret it in the end. He never forgot, seldom forgave. He would nurse a grudge for a decade or more, waiting for the propitious moment; and when that moment came, he struck." This is indeed too mild a judgment. The unamiable Alexander did not strike down only those who had attempted to harm or slight him. The victims of his murderous rages and no less deadly calculations included some of his loyalest friends as well as his father. Alexander, in short, wasn't a safe man for anyone to be around. But the world's enduring testimonies to his greatness include all those statues, frescoes, busts and medallions that amply illustrate Peter Green's sprightly text – for this is one of those agreeable picture books that the well-endowed coffee table wears at this season. More than 2000 years after Alexander last set foot in the place, every little Iskander in Pakistan dreams boyishly of emulating his namesake's glory; perhaps by directing armies from the turret of an American tank.

Gloire was also the driving force of Louis XIV, though Philippe Erlanger prefers to dwell on the oddities of his court rather than the scope of his conquests. Versailles and even Marly were intended to stun the beholder with their splendor. "The people like spectacle," Louis observed. "In this way we hold their minds and hearts more firmly than through benefactions." Each day, 6000 people thronged Versailles; they were brought from Paris in public coaches to watch the King and court. It was a bit like the White House; almost anyone could get in. Unlike the White House, there were icy draughts and constant stenches as well as jewels and silver candelabra. And queerer things. King and courtiers were prodigious lovers, and women were examined like horses, their teeth apparently coming under special scrutiny. Yet the King's younger brother knew so much more about relations with young men that he had to be taught what to do with a woman. A lady of the court kindly volunteered to show him, on his wedding eve. Louis the great ruler was himself ruled by mistresses and flatterers: a court jibe was that whoever won the coveted post of handling his majesty's chamber pot also controlled his majesty's policies. Behind their hands, the courtiers called Louis "an enfeebled squire by the side of his aged mistress" Maintenon, and "a play-actor king for show and a chess-king for battle." Philippe Erlanger protests against those judgments as too harsh. But Saint-Simon personally endured the reign, and lived at Versailles. His portrait of Louis accords well with what is known of the nature of autocrats:

> "He liked nobody to be in any way superior to him. Thus he chose his ministers not for their knowledge but for their ignorance; not for their capacity but for their want of it. He liked to form them, as he said; liked to teach them even the most trifling things . . . Naturally fond of trifles, he uncreasingly occupied himself with the most petty details . . . would even instruct his cooks who received, like novices, lessons they had known by heart for years."

Louis was a fierce religious persecutor; and, as often happens with great men, his actions evoked important consequences which however were totally unforeseen by him. His harshness toward the Protestants – his soldiers played bowls with the severed heads of Protestants' children – served the cause of William of Orange and promoted the rise of Prussia. The great-grandmother of Frederick the Great was a Huguenot refugee as were many of Frederick's subjects. Nancy Mitford – whose life of Frederick like Peter Green's life of Alexander is as much a picture book as a history – rightly stresses the Prussian king's tolerance of religions (in all of which he disbelieved) and of personal critics. Seeing a cruel caricature of himself posted high up on a wall, he ordered his men to bring it lower so all could view it. Miss Mitford struggles hard to make Frederick a likeable great man; a task to which Thomas Carlyle vainly devoted some thousands of pages of engorged prose. She fails too. The wars over Silesia are still a bore, apart from the unlikely spectacle of Maria Theresa and La Pompadour egging each other on against Frederick. Miss Mitford, as was to be expected, is liveliest when writing about Voltaire, not Frederick. Of Frederick neither she nor Carlyle has the last word, but Macaulay, who roundly called Frederick a meddlesome busybody whose master passion was directing and regulating everyone and everything:

> "A love of labor for its own sake, a restless and insatiable longing to dictate, to intermeddle, to make his power felt, a profound scorn and distrust of his fellow creatures, made him unwilling to ask counsel, to

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confide important secrets, to delegate ampler powers. The highest functionaries under his government were mere clerks . . . He was his own treasurer, his own commander-in-chief, his own intendent of public works, his own minister for trade and justice, for home affairs and foreign affairs, his own master of the horse, steward, chamberlain . . . He could tolerate no will, no reason, in the state, save his own. He wished for no abler assistance than that of penmen who had just understanding enough to translate and transcribe, to make out his scrawls, and to put his concise Yes and No into an official form. Of the higher intellectual faculties, there is as much in a copying machine, or a lithographic press, as he required from a secretary of the cabinet."

The world seems for the moment to be having a respite from great men. It is not likely to last. The course of history thus far suggests that greatness comes in cycles. From time to time, powerful rulers appear and flash across the sky, like regularly returning comets. Nor are the intervals between their appearances necessarily periods of great tranquility and calm enjoyment. The truth is that, in the absence of the sort of man who is destined to have the words "the great" tacked after his first name, life seems to go a bit flat. Then there is a nostalgia for great men. People have already half-forgotten the horrors of existing during the lifetimes of Hitler and Stalin. The mourning for General de Gaulle, the last contemporary giant, was quite sincere and de Gaulle of course was no tyrant. But he was imperious. And that touch of the purple is what even the most fervent democrat seems to miss when there are no great men around.

Foxy Loxy's Christmas Happiness

Just before chicken licken, henny penny, turkey lurkey, ducky wucky and goosey loosey started out for foxy loxy's house on their way to tell the king of the sky's declension,

A poet-knowit, a philosopher-wosopher and a two-legged opportunist joined them in a flurry of excitement to confirm chicken licken's original discovery:

Not only was the sky falling but the ocean was rising and civilization was approaching its end out near the old Carnegie library.

There was no time to lose and chicken licken's prescience was to be commended, but was the king the right person to inform of impendings?

Who was the king anyway? Had anyone seen him? How long had it been since his majesty had placed his seal of approval on a new toothpaste?

At least in the opinion of the newcomers the king was not the commanding personage he had been in the old days,

So it was likely that when he was told that the sky was falling, the ocean rising and civilization approaching its end out near the old Carnegie library, he would simply write a book about it, one of those fashionable new doomsday books,

Which is exactly what poet-knowit, philosopher-wosopher and the two-legged opportunist were themselves projecting already,

Except that *they* wanted to do not a doomsday book but a big, beautiful, happy *anti*-doomsday book in prose and poetry with pages and pages of illustrations for the Christmas trade.

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Why then shouldn't chicken licken, henny penny, turkey lurkey, ducky wucky and goosey loosey join them (it would be a sort of love-in) and they'd all do an anthology?

Well! An anthology sounded just fine to chicken licken, henny penny, turkey lurkey, ducky wucky and goosey loosey though they had never been proximate to one.

All they wished to ascertain was: would an anthology be big enough and strong enough to effectively keep the sky from falling, the ocean from rising, and civilization from coming to an end?

Out near the Carnegie library?

Well, said the poet-knowit, he wasn't sure but he thought so.

The philosopher-wosopher wasn't sure either, but he thought so.

The two-legged opportunist was sure. He knew so.

He said there was no question of failure so long as they put a bright cover on it, and gave it a snappy title, and commissioned an introduction to it by some authority on the liberated sex life, or Charles Reich, or Timothy Leary, or maybe—

Polyanna? asked chicken licken.

Mary Baker Eddy? asked ducky wucky.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau? asked turkey lurkey.

Bruce Barton? asked goosey loosey.

Isadora Duncan's brother? asked henny penny.

The two-legged opportunist frowned and said that perhaps an introduction was not necessary so long as the cover was terribly bright and the title snappy.

Then let us, said henny penny happily, betake ourselves swiftly to foxy loxy's delightful Georgian town house and ask him to provide us with a title snappy.

And chicken licken, turkey lurkey, ducky wucky, goosey loosey, poet-knowit, philosopher-wosopher and the two-legged opportunist agreed. It would be a sort of love-in!

Ah, but when at last these earnest entrepreneurs knocked eagerly at the door of foxy loxy's delightful Georgian town house out near the old Carnegie library,

And when at last foxy loxy himself welcomed them into the gracious dining room and sat them down before the roaring fire and asked them what service he could provide them that would be commensurate with their deservings,

Suddenly chicken licken began to feel the sky falling faster,

And suddenly henny penny and the others also began to feel the sky falling faster, not to mention the sea rising and civilization ending pronto.

—So doom came to its day just before dinner and well before Christmas for chicken licken, henny penny, turkey lurkey, goosey loosey and ducky wucky as well as for poet-knowit, philosopher-wosopher and the two-legged opportunist, in a delightful Georgian town house out near the old Carnegie library;

And foxy loxy smiled after his good dinner and said to his good wife that since he had always hated those overpriced Christmas books it was a joy to him to be able to play in this instance the role of the sky and the sea.

REED WHITTEMORE

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Jonathan Yardley: More of Superpoet

Self-Interviews by James Dickey

(Doubleday; $5.95)

It's been a big year for Superpoet; except for playing third base for the Baltimore Orioles, James Dickey has done it all. *Deliverance* was first, of course, putting a poet on the best-seller list for the first time since . . . who? Rod McKuen? Then a sixth volume of poetry, this one called, with characteristically determined lustiness, *The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy.* And now, just in time for Christmas, *Self-Interviews.*

Dickey's third 1970 production is actually the brainchild of Barbara and James Reiss, two young non-academic academics who wanted to preserve "the uninterrupted flow of a poet's spoken words about his life and poetry" by persuading a poet to interview himself into a tape-recorder. That Dickey was their choice is scarcely surprising, for he is our most public poet. Public, that is, in two senses: no poet since Frost has gotten more ink in the mass-circulation press, and no prominent poet of the day is more ardently self-celebrative.

Dickey's self-absorption has won him a good many enemies, notably among poetic competitors, and *Self-Interviews* is not going to convert them. In many respects, in point of fact, it is an irritating and frustrating book. But Dickey can never be dismissed; there is enough in *Self-Interviews* that is perceptive or arresting to make it, at the least, a useful tool for the study of James Dickey.

But not half as useful as it might have been. The frustration of *Self-Interviews* is that it does not really do what it promises to do: tell us about James Dickey. If anything, Dickey is less candid with the reader here than in his poems or, for that matter, *Deliverance.* He tells us a thing or two about his parents, a thing or two about the way he works, but most of his cats are kept quite tantalizingly bagged. The second half of the book, in which he discusses specific poems, is more helpful, but even here he is careful and tentative; Dickey, the poet of unleashed emotions and fierce intensity ("We want a total act of the body, true passion rather than just a routine milking of the glands"), is in low key in these pages – except for the irritating horn tooting – and for his occasional outbursts of petty nastiness (the temptation to score points against a number of rivals was obviously irresistible).

Yet all that having been said, *Self-Interviews* is an interesting piece of work. Though its tape-recorder prose does not ease the reader's path, the going is made worthwhile by snippets of self-revelation. Dickey's statement that ". . . my personal heroes of the sensibility are John Keats, James Agee, and Malcolm Lowry" is as intriguing for its omissions – I think particularly of Whitman and Cummings – as for the triumvirate itself. His frank acknowledgement of a fascination with technique, a delight in the "ingenious," helps explain his seemingly illogical leaps and shifts in poetic style. Perhaps most interesting is the self-portrait of the poet as work-oriented, upward-mobile, middle-class American. Dickey may be a poet of the passions, yet he emerges as a curiously bourgeois blend of Horatio Alger and Emile Coué: "I have always been much in love with the idea of improvement. . . . I do like to have the sense that I'm getting better at whatever I do." His days on the gridiron and in the advertising agencies were not as irrelevant as one might suspect.

As much as anything else, Dickey's fascination is that he is a genuine original. He clings determinedly to his Southern-ness, his touted hunting prowess, his celebrated virility, not merely for whatever satisfactions each awards him but as signs that he does not run with the poetic pack. Dickey is

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an admirable poet but not really a very fashionable one, and he carefully keeps his distance from the New York crowd. He may have hangups, but they are not those of easy ideological conformity:

> The most highminded humanitarian sentiments in the world do not suffice to create a good poem. Take Robert Bly. Robert Bly has no talent at all, but he keeps writing for a pre-tested public, the literary anti-Vietnam public. And when he says something to the effect that Dean Rusk is a bomb waiting to be loaded in a dark hangar, everybody applauds, because this is an anti-Dean Rusk sentiment . . . The sentiment that everyone wants to believe is expressed, so everybody applauds. But it's no good as verse; it's absolutely lifeless.

Dickey's verse, of course, is anything but. He may go overboard, but he tries always to be the poet of "the true passion." His intimacy with nature, which is not faked, leads him to the simplest and most durable themes – leads him, indeed, to an unexpected naivete and ingenuousness: "There are certain constants in human existence. I think of them as family, love, aging, death, and so on."

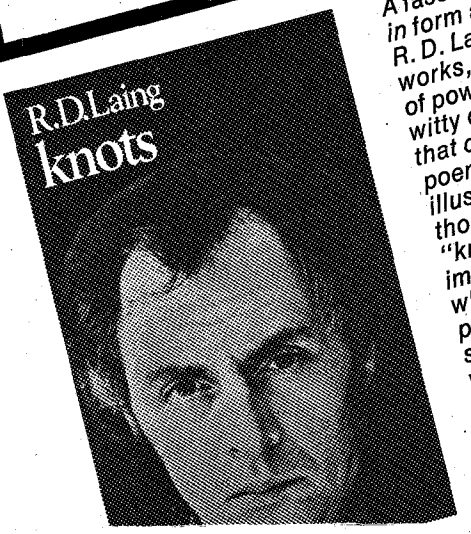
If Dickey is, as that rather pompous banality indicates, a poet of the heart rather than the mind, he has nonetheless treated his plain themes with laudable consistency. He has written little about his native South, but he remains true to the region's concept of family, to "something important and mysterious that passes between the generations, a kind of thread of continuity." He depicts the mysterious bond between man and nature – "a half-dreaming, half-animal part of me that is fundamentally primitive" – with awesome power, as in the remarkable "The Sheep Child." The basic images that run through his work – water, darkness and light, death and sleep, fathers and sons, worlds of magic and wonder – are treated with respect, understanding and tenderness. For all his extravagances Dickey is a very honest poet, and in that quite a bit more "relevant" than most movers and shakers of poetic fashion.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor of the* Greensboro Daily News. JAMES FINN *is editor of* worldview, *monthly journal of the Council on Religion and International Affairs.*

This is the first knot in KNOTS

They are playing a game. They are playing at not playing a game. If I show them I see they are, I shall break the rules and they will punish me. I must play their game, of not seeing I see the game.



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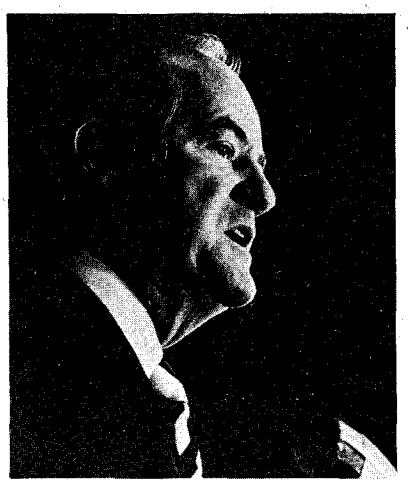

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James Finn: Fantasist of the Intellect

The Aleph and Other Stories, 1933-1969 by Jorge Luis Borges

translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author

(Dutton; $7.95)

When the late François Mauriac first encountered Borges a decade ago, he admitted to doubt about his preliminary response, then went on:

"But what I have read so far has given me a very strange view of the French writers of my generation. What dull-witted bumpkins we almost all of us are! An Ariel like Borges – a rather too knowing Ariel for my taste – who has more than one trick up his sleeve, and whose erudition has an uncomfortable resemblance to the dust we keep for throwing into people's eyes – this species of Kafka who does not take his labyrinth tragically, and would be pleased as Punch to lose himself, and us, in it – has opened my eyes to the fact that practically the whole lot of us in France have never stopped ruminating the cud of Naturalism."

That is splendid criticism that Borges himself should enjoy. It is the response not only of an alert reader who is alive to the various aspects of Borges – for Ariel and Kafka are equally appropriate and Punch is allowable – but of a distinguished writer who is forced to see his own life's work in a new perspective. And the reference to the cud of Naturalism is exactly on the mark. Character, personality, emotions, perceptions, observation – these are not the stuff of Borges' fictions. He is, rather, a fantasist of the intellect and, with some exceptions, the brief works for which he is best known are serious divertissements. Because of Borges we too should be able to view with different eyes those works that are still securely within the enclosure of Naturalism as well as those within a tradition that includes writers as various as Hawthorne, Kafka, Poe, and Chesterton. (If Chesterton does not receive the due so long denied him, it will not be the fault of his Argentinian admirer.)

For those previously unacquainted with Borges, this particular volume, which includes stories written from 1933 up-to-date, should have particular value. In the brief autobiographical essay, which is one of the pleasures of the book, Borges lists many of the books that made up his early reading, among which was an English translation of *Don Quixote*. "When later I read *Don Quixote* in the original, it sounded like a bad translation to me. I still remember those red volumes with the gold lettering of the Garnier edition. At some point, my father's library was broken up, and when I read the *Quixote* in another translation I had the feeling that it wasn't the real *Quixote*. Later I had a friend get me the Garnier, with the same steel engravings, the same footnotes, and also the same errata. All those things form part of the book for me; this I consider the real *Quixote*."

Those for whom the uniform Dutton edition of Borges will be the real Borges

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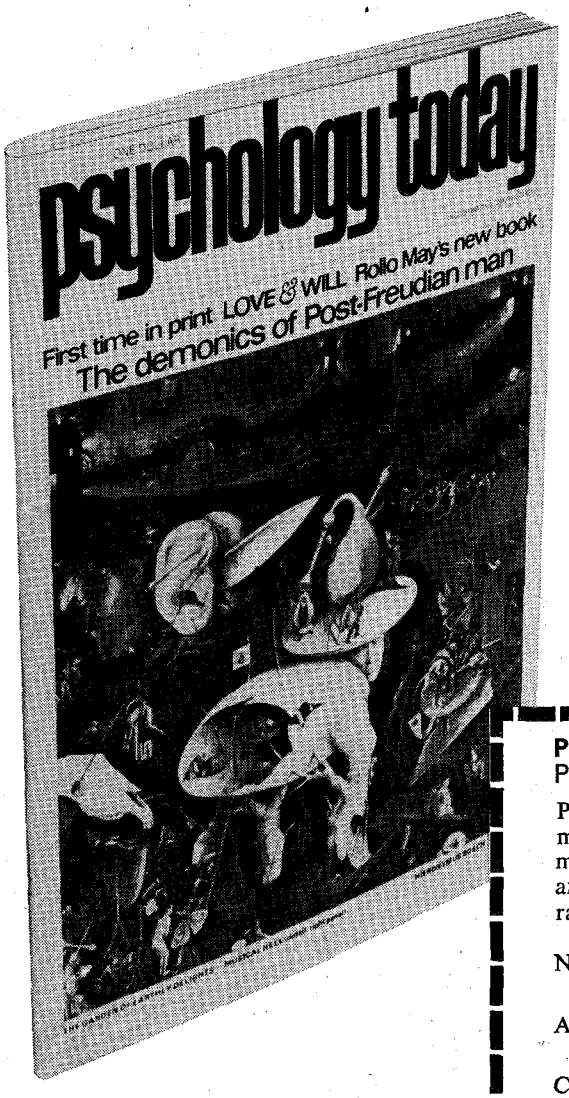

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are fortunate, for the volumes – of which this is the second – are well designed and a pleasure to hold. Beyond that, Borges has provided for this volume commentaries, on his stories, and appreciators of Borges will relish his comments on those profound critics who seek out and find in his tales analogues, references and allusions that had escaped the author: "I am, of course, duly grateful for these unlooked-for gifts." And they will find entirely appropriate if somewhat disconcerting his ability to recall a different genesis for "The Man on the Threshold" than the one he had previously given. For this double genesis provides another distancing of the story itself, another relation of the story to its author, another grounding for its imaginative integrity.

But more important, probably, than even these welcome dividends are the translations themselves, an actual collaborative effort of Borges and his American translator, di Giovanni. One critic has said that his prose is "as transparent as rainwater" and that he lost little if anything in translation. Yet there are differences, and they bend in favor of this translation. Borges gives great importance to the opening sentence of his stories. Here, the opening sentence of "The Dead Man" in the original Spanish, then in an earlier translation and then in this translation.

"Que un hombre del suburbio de Buenos Aires, que un triste compadrito sin más virtud que la infatuación del coraje, se interne en los desiertos ecuestres de la frontera del Brasil y llegue a capitán de contrabandistas, parece de antemano imposible."

"That a man from the suburbs of Buenos Aires, a wistful *compadrito*, with no other virtue than an infatuation with courage, should penetrate the equestrian wastelands along the Brazilian-Argentine frontier and become a captain of contrabandists would seem, initially, impossible."

"That a man from the outlying slums of a city like Buenos Aires, that a sorry hoodlum with little else to his credit than a passion for recklessness, should find his way into that wild stretch of horse country between Brazil and Uruguay and become the leader of a band of smugglers, seems on the face of it unbelievable."

One sentence is admittedly not much to rest a case on, but additional quotations would, I believe, support the contention that this translation has an ease, a rapidity, an elegance that should make it *the* Borges in English. And Borges in English is, if not essential, a most valuable addition. Not primarily because he has so thoroughly assimilated English and American writers and affords new insights into their works, although he does that with marvelous acuity. Nor even because he is a truly international author, whose impressive erudition allows him to juxtapose writers of the most various standards and traditions, thus allowing us to strip ourselves of successive layers of provincialism. He is most valuable because his modesty before life has allowed him to reassert – though that term sounds both too strong and too deliberate for him – the value of artistic achievements. At a time when other writers, competent, skilled and talented, crank up the familiar literary machinery in order to create a work that is congruent with the disordered complexities of modern life, he revels in a secret passion for order that transcends these concerns. His work does not drive to the ultimate questions so much as use them for his and our delectation.

In his essay "Borges and I," the distinction between the person and the author is finely made, and we should keep it in mind. But if Borges had not created Borges, who could have done it? He is a wonderful creation, and we should be grateful to his imaginative and elusive creator.

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Notable

From Trust to Terror
by Herbert Feis

(Norton; $10.00)

The Atlantic Fantasy
by David Calleo

(Johns Hopkins; $2.95)

Herbert Hoover said of America's World War I allies that they oozed intrigue and selfishness at every pore. All allies do after a war. Herbert Feis's title misleads: between 1945 and 1950 there was not a transit from trust to terror because there never was trust. There need not however have been a cold war. A balance of interests, not terror, was possible. One factor against it was the Truman Doctrine, which Feis calls "a compound of evangelism . . . and spread-eagle bluster." Partly because of its nuclear monopoly, not foreseen as shortlived, the US assumed it could make the world behave the way it wanted. But Stalin was not deterred from trying to make the US give up the idea of a West German government or else get out of Berlin. The US wouldn't, and didn't, but the iron curtain divided Europe as well as Germany.

Stalin is dead and so perhaps is the cold war, though Feis seems skeptical. Moscow now fears the Chinese more than the Germans. The Truman Doctrine is outdated and nobody knows for sure what the Nixon Doctrine is. "The time is at hand," writes David Calleo in his admirably argued takedown of NATO, "not for a return to American isolationism but for a resumption of European responsibilities . . . Europe is not America's front porch, but somebody else's house." The problems of organizing Europe's de-

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fenses won't be solved without doing away with NATO. Unfortunately, there is little understanding of this, either in a State Department which has too many cooks or in the White House where the President is a "crisis manager" with time only for a sandwich. The consequences are, busy bustle, stagnant thought.

The Panther Paradox: A Liberal's Dilemma by Don A. Schanche

(McKay; $6.95)

The Panthers' revolutionary threats, buttressed by the police's heavy-handed response to them, build Mr. Schanche's paradox. "It has left most of us with the uncomfortable feeling that we no longer have a liberal place to stand, because to defend the Panthers' rights is to hasten their apocalypse and to deny them is to hasten another, the destruction of everyone's liberties," he says. This is a white pilgrim's progress through the Black Panther movement. It is a tale told by a 44-year-old self-described upper middle-class suburban liberal, a former managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, whose confessions of psychic fright while dealing with the Panthers may discomfort even fans of the personal, come-clean genre of journalism. He is once shaken down for fifty bucks by Eldridge Cleaver's wife in Algiers. On another occasion, he nervously gives up a camera for the cause when a Panther covets it. After carrying us over half-plowed fields of Panther gossip, he drops us off at the corner of post-radical chic with his key to the paradox: "The solution lies not in the polite *legal defense* of Black Panthers up against the law, but in *legal offense* by private citizens and concerned politicians against police misbehavior."

Erik H. Erikson: The Growth of His Work by Robert Coles has just been published by Atlantic-Little Brown. Dr. Coles is a contributing editor to *The New Republic*.

Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to his Son by George Horace Lorimer

(Outerbridge & Dienstfrey; $5.95)

Letters by fathers to sons cut little ice now, but the twenty fictitious father-to-son letters that compose this book were printed first in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1901-02, and did much to establish the magazine's early-century grip on the popular magazine market. They also helped put George Horace Lorimer, their author, in charge of the magazine's destiny for 35 years, a destiny that became closely identified with the self-made-man business ethic presented in the letters.

Seen from the year 1970 the letters frequently seem like a parody of that ethic. The meatpacker father is so full of his own homespun wisdom, and so pleased by his own heavy ironies at the expense of the young and the unbusinesslike, especially his oppressed son Pierrepont, that he would now make a fine pin-up villain to throw darts at. Here are samples: "The meanest man alive is the one who is generous with money that he has not had to sweat

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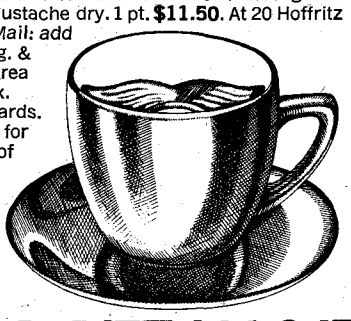

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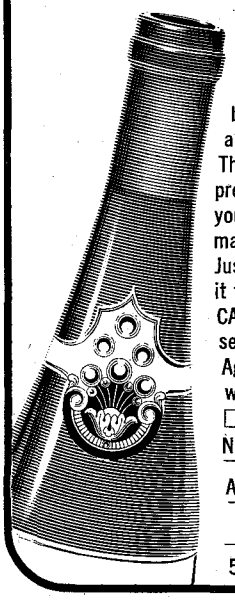

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for." "I don't hire sporty clerks at all, and the only part of the premises on which cigarette smoking is allowed is the fertilizer factory." "Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible." "There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world unless you're a tramp, and then there's the constable." "You can trust any number of men with your money, but mighty few with your reputation." "Get the scent in your nostrils and keep your nose to the ground, and don't worry too much about the end of the chase." And so forth forever.

An informative but starchy introduction by Lawrence Grauman, Jr., and Robert Fogarty makes Lorimer out to have been "one of those who invented this country, its culture and its values." They add, "He and his white Anglo-Saxon Protestant contemporaries were those who articulated and analyzed American ideas, who shaped our institutions, and who embodied what we were or hoped to be." Therefore the grandsons of these WASPs, who wish now to build a counter culture, "might begin by reading Lorimer, for his is the culture they will have to counter." – That's a bit too much. Lorimer was an extravagant WASP even in 1901. Like Polonius's remarks to Laertes, his "letters" should be viewed with sociological caution.

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Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Doctors and Taxes

Sirs:

Most physicians, myself included, would not deny (in fact, cheerfully admit) participating in the great American game of nipping the heels of the Internal Revenue Service by deducting country club dues, writing off trips to medical meetings held at far distant and exotic spas and, most wicked of all, using office stamps and stationery for personal correspondence. This is for the most part quite legal and is accepted as avoiding rather than evading taxes. However, by far the great majority of physicians cherish their good reputations and would under no circumstance risk the onus of exposure by "deliberate and illegal understatement of incomes" as reported by Melville Ulmer (Nov. 7). High on his white charger, the crusading professor cuts a wide but careless swath when he states that "this has long been a popular practice among self-employed professionals and unincorporated businesses, including farmers." He quotes as "additional striking evidence" the results of an IRS survey sponsored by the Senate Finance Committee: "Of 3000 doctors whose returns were examined, it was found that about half had failed to report a substantial amount of their income, especially Medicare and Medicade payments. In some instances the omission exceeds $100,000."

Mr. Ulmer deliberately omits the fact that this specific IRS investigation was primarily directed at the less than 1% of doctors whose incomes from Medicare and Medicade were disproportionately high. Most physicians hold in low regard those few renegade professionals who engage in such palpably felonious activities. However, no less reprehensible is the literary felony on the part of an author with the august rank of professor of economics in a leading university (plus the additional stature of contributing editor to *The New Republic*) who, for the apparent purpose of exaggerating for emphasis, *knowingly takes figures out of statistical context* by using information gathered from a highly selective sampling and using such to imply the smearing generalization that 50 percent of American physicians fail to report a "substantial portion of their incomes" and indulge in a "vast area of cheating."

Lee Shahinian, M.D.
Los Altos, California

In Reply:

Dr. Shahinian reveals symptoms of a malady that would be unfortunate in any human being but particularly so in a physician, to wit: an inability to face unpleasant facts. The Internal Revenue Service could not practically examine the tax returns of every single physician in the United States, so it took a sample. Furthermore, of all the payments that physicians receive, the IRS possesses records of only one type against which it can definitely check their honesty: these are funds received under Medicare and Medicaid. The IRS, therefore took a sample of physicians known to have received such payments in significant amount. Half of these physicians, it turns out, either failed to report their receipts in full or in some other way illegally understated their tax liability. These are the facts. Their significance may be logically denied only on the fantastic assumption – which Dr. Shahinian's common sense apparently prevented him from expressing – that physicians who care for the poor and the aged are more dishonest, on the average, than all other physicians.

Incidentally, it was Senator Russell Long, not I, who said that the IRS study suggests a "vast area of tax cheating." However, as my article indicated, there is considerable additional evidence in support of the senator's conclusion.

Melville J. Ulmer

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Seer Sedulus

Sirs:

Besides persevering, Sedulus is also somewhat of a prophet. At any rate we took your article, "Forward with Forsyte" (Nov. 7), to be "the gospel," and miraculously the following things occurred:

The Corporation for Public Broadcasting received a "large" grant from a major oil corporation to televise 39 weeks of BBC television drama on the newly created Public Broadcasting Service network. And on the tenth day of January, 1971, "Masterpiece Theatre" begins with *The First Churchills,* a stirring, rousing, 17th century English drama. Not Buddenbrooks, but the court of Charles II at Whitehall, and the young John Churchill courting the lovely Sarah Jennings played by Fleur (née Susan Hampshire). And all this high-intrigue-loveliness to continue for 12 weeks; to be followed by the dramatized works of Henry James, Dostoevsky (certainly not Thomas Mann, but certainly not English), Thackeray (with Becky Sharpe played by Sarah Jennings, once Fleur, née Susan Hampshire), Balzac, Tolstoy and what more could you wish – except perhaps a little Flaubert – and that just might happen.

From Forsyte forward to "Masterpiece Theatre" . . . ah, please tell us what next dear Sedulus?

Sylvia Davis
WGBH
Boston, Mass.

Jobs for Ex-Offenders

Sirs:

The article entitled "Soft-Headed on Crime" in the October 24 issue of *The New Republic* was of great interest to us. The last of the "three sensible steps" noted on the second page directly outlines the core of our program here in North Carolina. Our program, "Jobs for Ex-Offenders" aims at establishing quality career jobs for men and women, both under probation, parole, and those released directly from prison.

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Bruce C. Wells
Raleigh, NC

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

bravado of people who make a point of not being fazed by the presence of camera and mike.

The first section is in New York, principally with a couple of older girls who tell us laughingly about their dislike for an English singer they've laid. Then there's a section with a homo groupie in San Francisco trying to make it with a different English singer. There's a section with a California girl called Iris – the only really attractive girl in the film – very 4-H Club in her Groupiness. And there's another sequence about a girl whose hobby is making plaster models of the organs of male singers, with details of how she does it.

A connective tissue of rock performances is used, and some of it was necessary, I guess, but there's too much of it. In fact, every section of the film is too long because none shows us more than the surface and we see that surface in about two minutes; from then on, essentially it's repetition. We learn virtually nothing about most of these people besides what they're doing at the moment – nothing of how and why they got there, why they keep at it, why the phenomenon happened at all, how it relates to any previous kind of star-adulation, nothing. Of course there's some initial curiosity in staring at any far-out person, but *Groupies* doesn't tell us as much about its subject as did *The Queen,* a comparable documentary a year or so ago about a transvestite beauty contest. Gaping at eccentric people – merely gaping – is now called a study; it used to be called a freak show.

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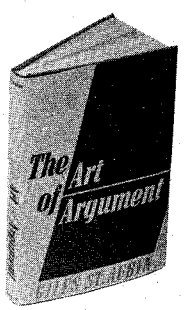

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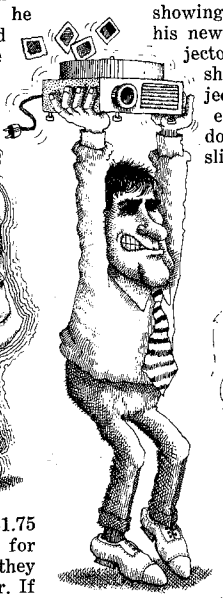
Ten little losers, standing in a line. One bought our magazine. Then there were nine.

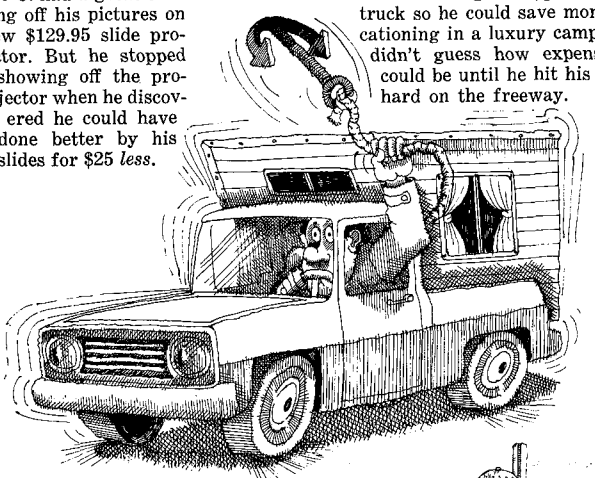
When Ann A.'s new $129.95 food waste disposer kept jamming on bones and refused to chew up grapefruit-rind halves, she wanted to kick the manufacturer. But when she found out she could have bought a disposal that *would* dispose of such things for only $112, she wanted to kick herself.

Bill B. felt like a million in his $70 raincoat—until he needed a *snow*coat and realized he could have gotten a raincoat he liked *with* a zip-in alpaca lining for just $60.

Charlie C. had a great time showing off his pictures on his new $129.95 slide projector. But he stopped showing off the projector when he discovered he could have done better by his slides for $25 *less*.

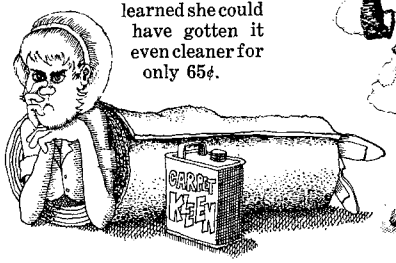


Dave D. bought a ¾-ton pickup truck so he could save money vacationing in a luxury camper. He didn't guess how expensive it could be until he hit his brakes hard on the freeway.

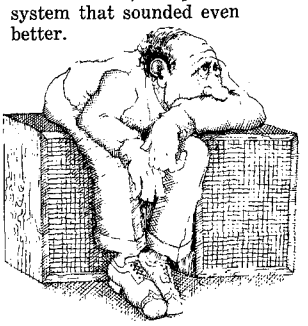


Frank F. loved the new $1.75 briefs his wife bought for his birthday . . . until they came out of the washer. If only she'd read *Consumer Reports*, she could have *kept* Frank happy and saved a lot of money.

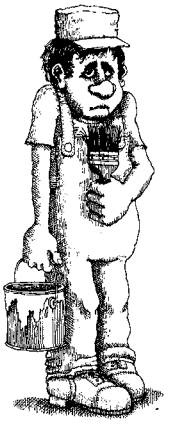
Edith E. thought she was really saving money when she cleaned her 9x12 rug herself for only $2.60. She felt like a Home Ec. dropout when she learned she could have gotten it even cleaner for only 65¢.

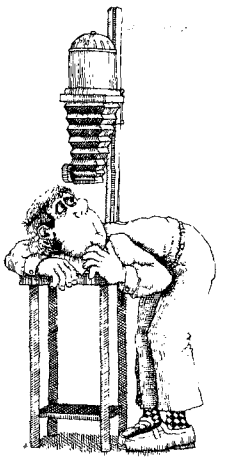


The crowning touch on George G.'s stereo system was a pair of $250 loudspeakers. Nobody told him that the same manufacturer made a $128 speaker system that sounded even better.



Harry H. wanted to invest in the best when he repainted the bathroom. But by the time he learned that the best cost 70¢ *less* a quart than what he'd paid, the gloss had begun to dull.





Irving I. really felt like a pro with his new $174.50 enlarger. When he started pricing *lenses* for it, he wept all over his darkroom for not knowing about a higher rated model he *could* have bought for $135 *complete*.

Johnny J. made up his mind that he'd never again spend his hard-earned money on power mowers with poorly-shielded blades, circular saws that jammed, caulking compounds that shrank and cracked, antenna amplifiers that didn't improve his TV picture, convertible sofas his wife couldn't open, clothes dryers that snagged the laundry, boats that capsized if they took on too much water, and products that just weren't worth the price.

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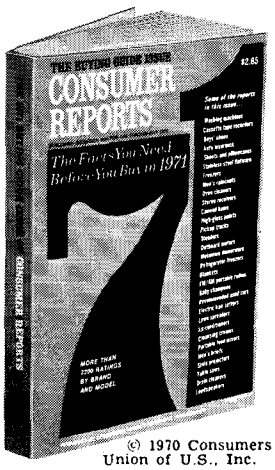

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Help is a $15.00 monthly check from the Seymours. Not a hand out, mind you, but a boost up so that families like Linda's can start to help themselves.

Now Linda can look forward to finishing grade school. Public education is free, but you've got to have clothes to wear to take advantage of it. A winter coat, shoes, and books cost money. Money Linda's parents don't have. Linda's father can't find a job. Her mother works as a seamstress and barely earns enough to feed her family. Now, Linda will have the things she needs. And more.

Like a new community center built by Linda's neighbors with a self-help loan from Save the Children. A place where a doctor and a dentist can have a clinic for the first time. And swings and slides. And a day care center where Linda can play safely. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation.

And for the Seymours, it's warm letters, exciting progress reports and wonderful photos from a little girl away from home.

The Seymours know there's more than one way to save a child. How about you?

National Sponsors (partial list): Faith Baldwin, Joan Crawford, Andy Griffith, Mrs. Eli Lilly, Paul Newman, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Norman Rockwell, Frank Sinatra.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa ☐ American Indian
☐ Europe ☐ Middle East
☐ Latin America ☐ Appalachia
☐ Vietnam ☐ Korea ☐ Southern U.S.
☐ India ☐ Where the need is greatest

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $45.00 quarterly ☐ $180.00 annually

☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Contributions are income tax deductible. NR12/5/0

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

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